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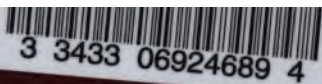
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THE BOY'S
READING-BOOK;

IN

PROSE AND POETRY,

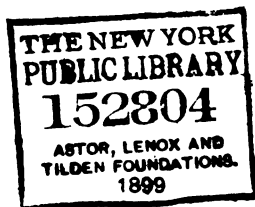
FOR SCHOOLS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

NEW-YORK:

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1839.
G. W.



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ROY W. W. W.
J. W. W.
W. W. W.

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PREFACE.

THE value of Education, seems every year, to be more clearly appreciated. Both practical and philosophic minds, are labouring to elevate its standard. It is felt to be the safeguard of our Country. And so important is the attitude in which she stands, with regard to other nations, as well as to the people within her own bounds, that the character of the rising generation, may determine, not merely the degree of her prosperity, but her very existence as a republic.

Knowledge, without a due culture of the motives of action, may lead but to moral mischief. It puts into the hands a weapon of power, but gives no assurance, whether it shall be wielded for good, or for evil. Every parent, every teacher, every writer of a book for schools, should act as a guardian for the young, against the dangers of knowledge without principle. Are they not as hostages, for the four millions of children in these United States, promising both a past and a future age, that they shall neither wreck the institutions which antiquity has hallowed, nor put in peril, the interests of a race unborn?

The volume now presented as an assistant in the art of reading, has a higher aim, than simply to aid in elocution, or declamation. It contains lessons of republican simplicity, of the value of time, of the rewards of virtue, of the duties of this life, as they take hold on the happiness of the next. These objects are kept in view, both in its narrative, and didactic essays, in its prose, and in its poetry.

It has been constructed with care, and with pleasure, for the "sons of my people." May it bear on its pages, a blessing to those, who now under the discipline of education, will so soon emerge from their tutelage, and take the places of the fathers. God grant that they may stand forth as trees, whose "leaves are for the healing of the nations;" like the olive, cheering and enriching those around, or the oak, bearing its honours to future generations.

L. H. S.

HARTFORD, CONN.

July 4th, 1839.

PROSE.



THE BOY'S READING-BOOK.

KNOWLEDGE.

THERE has been no age of the world, in which knowledge was more prized, than in the present. Neither has there ever been a country, where it was so universally diffused, as in our own. Some degree of it, is surely within the reach of every person.

Have you ever thought much of the evils of ignorance? Have you observed how narrow and prejudiced the uneducated mind becomes?—how credulous and superstitious?—how prone to mistakes, with regard to the nature of duty, and the nature of happiness?

The poor Burman's highest idea of happiness, is to be turned into a buffalo, and lie down in a field of high grass, where there are no musquitoes to annoy. "We want nothing but healthy bodies, and plenty of seals to eat," said the Greenland-

ers to the first missionaries who sought them out. Ignorance augments the value of the things of sense, and substitutes low appetites for the pleasures of intellect.

A right education is not merely the reading of many books, but the ability of making knowledge useful to ourselves, and others. It is not simply to acquire influence over our fellow-creatures, but to make that influence subservient to moral excellence and piety.

To have a knowledge of our duties to mankind, and not perform them, is injustice ; to endeavor to discharge them to mankind, and not to God, is impiety. So, a good education, ought to ensure right motives, and good conduct.

Some minds have found such delight in knowledge, that they have conquered many obstacles, and endured great hardships, to obtain it. They have never felt that they paid more than it was worth. Let us select a few such instances, for a philosopher has truly said, that we "yield to facts, when we resist speculation."

Professor Heyne, a German, was smitten with the love of classical study, and for more than thirty years of his life, pursued it, while struggling with the most depressing poverty. His father was a poor weaver, with a large family, and they were often in want of comfortable food.

Heyne made great exertions to support himself in the University, which he entered with only

a few shillings in his pocket, and seldom allowed himself to sleep more than two whole nights in the week.

But his love of learning sustained him in cheerfulness, amid the most painful exertions. He was appointed Professor of Eloquence, in the University of Gottingen, which station he retained for many years, and was distinguished both by his lectures and publications.

Castalio, who translated the Bible into Latin, was the son of poor peasants, and reared by them, in the midst of privations, among the mountains of Dauphiny. Avaigio, one of the Italian poets, of the sixteenth century, though working with his father, at the trade of a blacksmith, till he was eighteen years old, found means to cultivate his genius, and to obtain learning.

The celebrated Ben. Johnson, worked as a bricklayer and mason. While he wrought with his trowel, he had a book in his pocket, and the labour of his hands did not obstruct the brilliant action of his mind. "Let not those blush, said the historian Fuller, who *have*, but those who *have not* a lawful calling, by which to earn their bread."

Thomas Simpson, an able English scholar, Professor of Mathematics and Fellow of the Royal Society, was the son of a weaver. His father, who took him into his shop, when a boy, tried to repress his fondness for reading, and finally

forbade him even to open a book, and insisted upon his confining himself the whole day to the loom.

But his fondness for knowledge was irrepressible, and his father accusing him of obstinacy, banished him from his house. He maintained himself for a while, in a neighbouring town, by working at his trade, boarding in the house with a poor widow, and thinking himself happy, that he was able to devote a few spare moments to a book, whenever he could borrow one.

When young Simpson went to London, where his proficiency in science, afterwards rendered him celebrated, he had not a single letter of recommendation, and carried nothing of value in his pocket, except a manuscript of his own, on Fluxions, which was pronounced superior to any preceding treatise on that subject, in the English language.

William Hutton, was the son of a wool-comber, in Derby, England. "More than once, he says, my poor mother, with an infant on her knee, and others hanging about her, has fasted a whole day, and when food, at last came, divided her share among them."

From his seventh, to his fourteenth-year, he worked diligently in a silk-mill, and was then bound apprentice to a stocking-weaver. Under all these discouragements, he cherished the love and pursuit of knowledge. He became at length,

a respected member of the Antiquarian Society, and author of the History of Birmingham, and other publications.

Edmund Stone, was born in Scotland, more than a hundred years since. His father was gardener, to the duke of Argyle. One day, this nobleman found on the grass, a volume of "Newton's Principia," in Latin, and was much astonished to find that any of his labourers could read it.

Being told that it belonged to his gardener's son, a youth of eighteen, he said, "how came you, to a knowledge of these things?" Edmund replied, "a servant taught me to read, ten years ago. Does one need any thing more, than the twenty-six letters, in order to learn everything else that he wishes?"

Then the Duke, still more surprized, sat down on a bank, and received from young Edmund, the following account. "When the masons were at work upon your house, I first learned to read. I observed that the architect used a rule, and compasses, and made calculations.

"I inquired what was the meaning and use of such things, and was informed that there was a science called arithmetic. I learned it. Then, I was told there was another science, called Geometry. I procured the necessary books, and learned Geometry.

“By reading, I found there were good books, on both these sciences, in Latin. I bought a dictionary, and learned Latin. Then I understood, that there were good books of the same kind, in French. I bought a dictionary, and learned French.

“It seems to me, that when we know the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, we may learn what we please.” Edmund Stone, was afterwards well known as an author, and published a number of mathematical works.

In our own country, are many instances of those, who have resolutely sought knowledge, amid difficulties and obstacles, and while earning a support, by the labour of their hands. Governor Everett, in an eloquent speech on the subject of education, communicates a remarkable letter from a blacksmith, of which the following is an extract.

“I was the youngest of many brethren, and my parents were poor. My means of education were limited to a district school. These again, were circumscribed by my father's death, which deprived me, at the age of fifteen, of the scanty opportunities, which I had previously enjoyed.

“A few months after his decease, I apprenticed myself to a blacksmith, in my native village. Thither I carried a taste for reading, which I had previously acquired, through the medium of

a society library ; all the historical works in which, I had at that time perused.

“ At the expiration of a little more than half my apprenticeship, I conceived the idea of studying Latin. Through the assistance of an elder brother, who had obtained a collegiate education by his own exertions, I completed Virgil during the evenings of one winter.

“ After devoting some time to Cicero, and a few other Latin authors, I commenced Greek. It was now necessary, that I should devote every hour of day-light, and a part of the evening, to the duties of my apprenticeship.

“ Still, I carried my Greek grammar in my hat, and often found a moment, while heating some large iron, when I could place my book before me, against the chimney of my forge, and go through with the conjugation of a verb, unperceived by my fellow-apprentices.

“ At evening, I sat down, unassisted and alone, to the Iliad of Homer, twenty books of which, measured my progress, in that language, during the winter. I next turned to the modern languages, and was much gratified to find, that my knowledge of Latin, furnished a key to the literature of most of the languages of Europe.

“ This circumstance gave a new impulse to the desire of acquainting myself with the philosophy, derivation, and affinity of the different European *tongues*. I could not be reconciled to limit

self to a few hours, after the arduous labours of the day.

“I therefore, laid down my hammer, and went to New-Haven, where I recited to native teachers in French, Spanish, German, and Italian. I returned at the expiration of two years to the forge, bringing with me such books in those languages as I could procure.

“When I had read these books through, I commenced the Hebrew with an awakened desire of examining another field ; and by assiduous application I was enabled in a few weeks to read this language with such facility that I allotted it to myself as a task, to read two chapters in the Hebrew Bible before breakfast each morning ; this and an hour at noon, being all the time that I could devote to myself during the day.

“After becoming somewhat familiar with this language, I looked around me for the means of initiating myself into the fields of oriental literature, and to my deep regret and concern, I found my progress in this direction hedged up, by the want of requisite books.

“I immediately began to devise means of obviating this obstacle ; and, after many plans, I concluded to seek a place as a sailor on board some ship bound to Europe, thinking in this way to have opportunities of collecting at different ports, such works in the modern and oriental languages as I found necessary for this object.

“I left the forge and my native place, to carry this plan into execution. I travelled on foot to Boston, a distance of more than a hundred miles, to find some vessel bound to Europe. In this I was disappointed, and while revolving in my mind what steps to take, accidentally heard of the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester.

“I immediately bent my steps towards this place. I visited the hall of the American Antiquarian Society, and found here to my infinite gratification, such a collection of ancient, modern, and oriental languages as I never before conceived to be collected in one place; and, upon evincing a desire to examine some of these rich and rare works, I was kindly invited to an unlimited participation in all the benefits of this noble institution.

“Availing myself of the kindness of the directors, I spent about three hours daily at the hall, which, with an hour at noon, and about three in the evening, make up the portion of the day which I appropriate to my studies, the rest being occupied in arduous, manual labour. Through the facilities afforded by this institution, I have been able to add so much to my previous acquaintance with the ancient, modern, and oriental languages, as to be able to read upwards of *fifty* of them, with more or less facility.”

There seems a degree of sublimity, in the perseverance by which knowledge is acquired,

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amid difficulty and discouragement. It surely must give great delight, to uphold the mind under such severe exertions, as have been exhibited, in the various examples, of which we read and hear.

The possession of knowledge, should lead the young to adopt high and noble motives of action. The ancient republic of Sparta, had an interesting custom, which was calculated to produce such a result.

On a certain day, the inhabitants formed a procession, divided into three companies, the old, the middle-aged, and the young. Before the festive sports, and exercises commenced, the hoary-headed men, sent from their ranks, a speaker, who said,

We have been, in days of old,
Wise, generous, brave and bold."

Those, in the prime of life, then put forth their orator, who addressing the aged fathers of the people, replied,

"That, which in days of yore, ye were,
We, at the present moment, are."

Lastly, from the blooming troop, a boy advanced, and expressed in a clear, audible tone, the spirited resolution,

"Hereafter, at our country's call,
We promise to surpass you all."

Dear sons of my country, her pride, and her hope, catch the spirit of this Spartan promise. If you cannot surpass the great and the good, who have gone before you, study their excellences, walk in their footsteps, and God give you grace to fill their places well, when they are mouldering in dust.

Remember that knowledge of the right kind, though it inspires with noble motives, leads also to humility. The fully ripened ear of wheat, bends downward. It is the little blade, that holds itself up so pertly.

True learning and goodness bow the soul in adoration, before a Being of perfect wisdom. The higher you ascend in knowledge, said a philosopher, the wider is the region you see beyond you;—Alps upon Alps, which no human intellect has surmounted.

Let me address to you, the words of Alcuin, who wrote in England, more than a thousand years ago: "Oh ye, who enjoy the youthful age, so fitted for your lessons,—*Learn!*—Be docile!—Acquire the conduct and manners so beautiful in the young.

"Let your early days be adorned with the study of the virtues, that your age may shine in honour. For remember, that the passing hour, like the receding wave, never returns again."

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

ONCE, in travelling, I saw a very old building. It appeared to be falling into ruins. No smoke issued from its broken chimney. No foot crossed its grass-grown threshold. The casements were gone, and through their vacant places, the winds whistled, and the rains fell.

I asked, "what is this building, which is thus suffered to decay?" They answered, "a school house. But a part of its materials have been used to build a better one, in a more convenient spot, for the village children."

So I paused there, a little time, to meditate. And I said to myself, what a variety of scenes may have past, within these tottering walls. Where are the teachers, who in years gone by, sat in the chair of state, and ruled, and gave instruction?

In yonder corner, perhaps, was a low bench, for the little ones conning their alphabet. Those little ones have grown up,—grown gray,—and died. The babes whom they rocked in the cradle, have shown the same tenderness to their own babes. "One generation passeth away and another cometh."

Beneath those windows, where that trim old sycamore looked in, with all its show of green leaves, waving and gossiping in the breeze of summer, I imagine a row of young girls, with their sunny locks, knitting, sewing, or listening with serious faces, while the mistress taught them what it was necessary for them to know, when they became women.

The snows of winter seem to spread around. The frozen pond in the rear of the school-house, is covered with boys. The clock strikes nine. They hasten to their school. The narrow entry rings with the jingle of their skates, as they throw them down. One or two, who love play better than study, approach with more lingering steps.

Methinks, I see their ruddy faces, as they take their seats. The master raises a stern eye at their clamour, or stifled laughter, and commands them to write their copies, or attend to their sums. But the treatise of arithmetic is thumbed, and the grammar lesson curled into dog's ears, by those whose roving thoughts are among their winter sports.

Then there was the long sigh of indolence, and the tears of such as were punished. And there was impatience there, and ambition, and hope, and the kindlings of intellect, and the delights of knowledge. The master endeavors to rule each for their good, as the wise magistrate restrains the people by laws.

I fancy that I behold that teacher walking homeward, weary and thoughtful when the day was done. He felt sadness for those who did not improve, and over those who did, he rejoiced with a peculiar love.

Perhaps, he repeated mournfully the words of the prophet, "I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought." And a voice from heaven, answered in his heart, "Yet surely thy judgment is with the Lord, and thy work with thy God."

Old school-house!—could'st thou speak, I doubt not thou wouldest tell me, that eminent men have been nurtured in thee; ingenious mechanics, on whom the comfort of the community depends; athletic farmers, laying the forest low, and forcing earth to yield her increase; physicians whom the sick sufferer blesses; eloquent lawyers, wise statesmen, holy priests, who interpret the word of the Almighty.

I wish that the school-houses in our country, were more commodious and tasteful in their construction, more spacious, and airy, surrounded with trees, or beautified with shrubbery. When some of the boys, who read this book, become men, perhaps they will build such a school-house, and present it to the children of their town.

But it is not so important in what kind of a building we go to school, as what we learn, and how we behave while we are there. Very good

things have been learned, in poor, and rude edifices.

There was once, a benevolent man, who went in a ship, to the great island, or continent of New-Holland. He found multitudes of children, growing up, neglected and ignorant. He wished much to have them taught. But there was no school-house.

So he collected them under a spreading tree, whose branches could shelter at least one hundred, from the heat of the sun. He hung cards, with painted lessons among the boughs. And there, he taught the poor colonists, to read, and to spell, and to sing.

There are very beautiful birds in that country. Many of them had nests in this large tree. So, there they were, flying about, and tending their young, while the children were learning below; and the chirping of the new-fledg'd birds, and the warbling of their parents, and the busy voices of the children, learning to be good, made sweet music in the heart of that benevolent man. Did they not ascend, and mingle with the praises of angels, around the Throne?

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TAKING FOOD.

ONE of the strongest, and earliest impulses of animal nature, is to seek and receive food. The chicken, as soon as it bursts its shell, partakes the aliment provided for it, or follows in the footsteps of its mother, to share in what she may find. The unfledged birds open their mouths wide, to take the morsel, brought them by the parent.

Hunger is a sensation, appointed by our Creator, to warn us of the necessity of taking that nourishment, by which life is sustained. He has given us a relish for food, not that we may indulge in low appetite, but that we may remember, periodically, to support in vigour, the body which he has so wonderfully formed.

Changes are wrought, and a great work goes on within us, whenever we take even so little, as a piece of bread. The teeth are busy with it. The glands, in the neighbourhood of the mouth, pour out moisture, to aid in its preparation. The tongue exerts itself from tip to base, to press it into the œsophagus; and the œsophagus contracts, to deliver it to the stomach.

It arrives in that curious laboratory,—a new supply. The pylorus, or lower gate of the stomach, closes, that it may not escape, before the proper forces are brought to act upon it. The circulation is quickened, and a great portion of the blood, leaves the surface and extremities, and concentrates in the neighbourhood. Thither also, the nervous energy repairs, to render its aid, in the process.

The new mass of food, after coming in contact with the gastric juices, assumes the consistence of a soft poultice, and is called chyme. Again, being subjected to the action of other powers, it is converted into chyle, a thin, milky substance. Then the absorbent vessels, or lacteals, open their mouths, and by the most acute philosophy, receive only the nutritious particles, and reject the rest.

After passing through these millions of strainers, it is still further refined, in a set of glands, adapted to that purpose, ere it is poured into the veins. Even then, another process awaits it. It must pass through the lungs, and be purified, by meeting the air, before it is fit to be mingled with the arterial blood, and distributed throughout the whole system.

What astonishing, and complicated machinery, is brought to bear, upon every article of food that we receive. By an action, which the most subtle chemistry cannot explain, or the most powerful

solvent imitate, it is reduced to elements, of which science has no perfect cognizance, and made ready for its several claimants.

In about four hours, from the time of its reception, it mingles with the full tide of the veins, and goes to visit the remotest parts of this wonderful temple, which God has made. If the body is in health, every part of it, has its share, in the piece of bread, of which we have spoken. Not a single hair is defrauded of its portion of this added wealth.

Through the invisible pores of the skin, some of it escapes, in dampness, like a sigh. The whole system rejoices over its replenished treasury. Can we think of the wonderful work going on within us, and not praise the Almighty Architect? or forget to pray that whether "we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we may do all to his glory?"

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It is not well to devote too much thought to "what we shall eat, or what we shall drink;" or to permit the gratification of the palate to enter into our estimate of happiness. Zeno, with

simple diet of bread, figs and honey, kept his spirits cheerful, and his mind clear for the pursuits of philosophy, to the age of more than ninety years.

Food taken in gladness and praise, is salutary to the system. It does good, like a medicine. Let us ever be sensible of the mercy of our Heavenly Father, in preparing such a wonderful apparatus for its reception, and in so connecting that reception with pleasure, that it should neither be neglected, or forgotten.

Let every repast be preceded by an invocation of the heart to God for his blessing, that it may minister to health, vigour, and a sound mind, and that all may be used in his service, for the good of others, and for our own eternal happiness. And while in cheerfulness, and with gratitude, we comply with his appointment to nourish and gird up this curious structure of clay, let us never forget that we should *"eat to live,—but not live to eat."*

TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

A GRATEFUL disposition, should teach us to be kind to the domestic animals. They add much to our comfort. How should we bear the winter's cold, were it not for the coat of wool, which the sheep shares with us? How would journies be performed, or the mail be carried, or the affairs of government be conducted, without the aid of the horse?

Did you ever think how much the comfort of families, depends upon the cow? Make a list of articles for the table, or for the sick, to which milk is indispensable. Perhaps, you will be surprized to find how numerous they are.

When the first settlers of New England came to Plymouth, in the winter of 1620, four years elapsed, before any cows were brought them. During all this time, their bread was made of pounded corn, and they had not a drop of milk for the weaned infant, or the sickly child, or to make any little delicacy for the invalid.

There was great rejoicing in the colony, when a ship arrived, bringing a few, small heifers

Remember how patiently our good ancestors endured their many hardships; and when you freely use the milk of which they were so long deprived, be kind to the peaceable, orderly quadruped, from whom it is obtained.

Domestic animals, are sensible of kindness, and improved by it. They are made happier and more gentle, by being caressed and spoken to, with a pleasant voice. Food, shelter, needful rest, and good treatment, are surely due to them, for their many services to man.

The Arab treats his horse, like his child; and the noble animal loves him, and strains every nerve to do his bidding. I have seen a horse, when wearied with heat, and travel, erect his head, and shew evident signs of pleasure, and renew his labours, with fresh zeal, if his master patted his neck, and whispered with a kind voice into his ear.

It is delightful to see the young shew a protecting kindness, to such harmless reptiles, as are often harshly treated. It seems difficult to say why the toad is so generally singled out for strong dislike. Is it only because Nature has not given it beauty? Surely, its habits are innocent, and its temper gentle.

The scientific gardeners of Europe, encourage toads to live in their gardens, and about their green-houses. They find them useful assistants in guarding their precious plants from insects.

So, they wisely make them allies, instead of torturing and destroying them.

A benevolent English gentleman, once took pains, to reclaim a toad from its timid habits. It improved by his attentions. It grew to a very large size, and at his approach, came regularly from its hole, to meet him, and receive its food.

Ladies, who visited the garden, sometimes desired to see this singular favourite. It was even brought to the table, and permitted to have a dessert of insects, which it partook, without being embarrassed by the presence of company.

It lived to be forty years old. What age, it might have attained, had it met with no accident, it would be difficult to say. For it was in perfect health, when wounded by a fierce raven, as it one day was coming from its house, under the steps of the door, which fronted the garden.

The poor creature languished a while, and then died, and the benevolent man who had so long protected it, took pleasure in relating its history, and in remembering that he had made its life happy.

Cruelty to animals, is disgraceful, and sinful. If I see even a young child, pull off the wings of an insect, or take pains to set his foot upon a worm, I know that he has not been well-instructed.

ed, or else that there is something wrong and wicked in his heart.

The Emperor Domitian loved to kill flies, and at last became a monster of cruelty. Benedict Arnold, the traitor, when he was a boy, liked to give pain to every thing, over which he could get power.

He destroyed bird's-nests, and cut the little unfledged ones in pieces, before the eyes of their agonized parents. Cats and dogs, the quiet cow, and the faithful horse, he delighted to hurt and distress.

I do not like to repeat his cruel deeds. He was told that they were wrong. An excellent lady with whom he lived, used to warn and reprove him. But he did not reform. For his heart was hard, and he did not heed the commands of God.

He grew up without good principles. He became a soldier, and had command in the army. But he laid a plan to betray his country, and sell it into the hands of the enemy.

His wickedness was discovered, and he fled. He never dared to return to his native land, but lived despised, and died in misery. We know not how much of the sin which disgraced his character, sprang out of his hardness of heart, and cruelty to animals.

Many of the inferior creation, display virtues which are deserving of respect. How many re-

markable instances have we heard, of the sagacity of the éléphant, and the grateful attachment, and fidelity of the dog.

A shepherd, who lived at the foot of the Grampian mountains, one day, in going to look after his flock, took with him his little boy of four years old. Some of his sheep had strayed. In pursuing them, he was obliged to climb rocks, so steep, that the child could not follow.

The shepherd charged the child to remain where he left him, until he should return. But while he was gone, one of those thick fogs arose, which in that part of Scotland are not uncommon. With difficulty, he groped his way back again. But the child was gone.

All his search was vain. There was sorrow that night, in the lowly cottage of his parents. The next day, the neighbours joined, and continued their pursuit, for several days, and nights. But in vain.

"Is my dog lost too?" said the father, as he one day entered his dwelling, and sat down, in weariness and despair. "He has come here daily, said his little daughter, while you and mother, have been searching for poor Donald. I have given him a piece of cake, which he has taken, and run hastily away."

The household bread, of the poor, in Scotland, is made of oatmeal, and being not baked in loaves, but rolled out thin, is often called cake. While

solvent imitate, it is reduced to elements, of which science has no perfect cognizance, and made ready for its several claimants.

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if he was a man. And when the frozen clods falling upon the coffin-lid, made every heart quake, he bent over her, as if he hoped to keep the sound from her ; and when all was over, and they turned away, he wrapped her short, thin cloak close over her, and put his arm round her so tenderly, that every one was moved."

"Dear mother, what will become of those poor children?" asked Mary Ashley. "I think, my dear, that when the uncle and aunt return home, they will take one or both of them, though their own family is large. It makes it worse for the orphans, that they live so far from neighbours, but we must go out there, in the morning, and see what we can do for their comfort."

When Edward and his sister came home from the funeral, he observed that she shivered, and hastened to make a fire, and draw her chair near to it. "Sister, are you warm? Dear Julia, speak to me." But the ague was violent, and her teeth chattered, so that she could not articulate.

A good woman, who came out from the village, made her some warm herb-tea, and put her in bed, but was obliged to go home in the evening, to her own children. So Edward lighted his little lamp, and shaded it from his sister's eyes, and sat down to watch by her side.

Though he was exceedingly weary, he dared not trust himself to sleep, lest she should need

something, for her face was red with fever, and she kept continually asking for drink. He felt as if his heart would break, when sometimes after he had moistened her parched lips, she would cry out as if in a broken dream, "oh mother! mother!"

When the morning dawned, she seemed to be in a more quiet sleep, and closing the door behind him gently, he ran to the village, for the physician. "Oh sir, my sister is sick. I am afraid she will die. Please to come down to her. I have no money now. But, sir, I will work and pay you. I will more than pay you, when I get to be a man."

"How old are you, my good boy?" I am almost thirteen, sir, and my sister is ten. There are but two of us. Our mother was buried yesterday, and father died at sea. If Julia should die, I know not what would become of me."

The kind physician's heart was touched. "Wait, said he, and I will carry you along in my chaise, for it is nearly two miles, and you will be tired to walk back." But Edward said, "Please to excuse me, that I cannot stay. My sister is all alone. I will run and tell her, that you will come soon. May I do so, sir?"

He reached home, almost before she had missed him. "Sweet sister, said he, the good doctor is coming to see you. I think he will make you well. And now, see what a nice

fire I shall make for you. I picked up these shavings, and little bits of pine, as I passed by the carpenter's shop in the village, to kindle with.

"There. How quick it is blazing. Look, Julia, look. And now, I will heat some water, and make some gruel for your breakfast. I know exactly how mother made it, and you used to say how good it tasted."

But the child moaned, and said she could take nothing. When the physician came, he pronounced her to have a fever, and left some medicines, which he was so kind as to bring for her. He encouraged Edward, that she might soon be better, and at those cheering words, the poor boy could not refrain from bursting into tears, and followed him out to the chaise, thanking him with all his heart.

Mrs. Ashley and her daughter, called to see the orphans, and finding how sick Julia was, sent comforts for her, and food for her brother, and one of their neighbours came to watch, that Edward might get some rest. But whenever he heard his sister mourning in her pain, he was by her side, and if she objected to the bitter medicine, he would say, "do, dear sister, take it for my sake," until he prevailed.

During her sickness, Julia was often irritable, but Edward's patience never failed. He always spoke to her in the kindest tones, and if she gave

any trouble to the neighbours who came in to nurse her, would say, "pray, forgive her. She is but a child, and weak, and her heart is grieved, because mother is dead."

- At length, the brother of Mrs. Howard, and his wife, returned home. They decided to receive Julia, into their family, and she was removed there on her bed. It was thought best that Edward should be apprenticed to a joiner, in the village, and so thankful was he, that his sister was recovering, and had found a refuge with her relatives, that he scarcely remembered his own lot must be among strangers.

Being taken at an earlier age than was usual with mechanics, and much the youngest in a large number of apprentices and journeymen, he was expected to be the waiter of all. Yet whatever hardship befell him, he was patient and gentle-tempered.

His greatest pleasure was to visit his sister. Sunday was his only day of leisure, and he was very punctual in attendance at church; but he was thankful to be invited to take tea at his uncle's, for he had then the satisfaction of spending several hours with her.

As years passed on, he found in some of those interviews, that she was quite disposed to complain. Her aunt required too much work of her, or her little cousins troubled her. But especially the children at school, did not treat her as she

desired. "I dare say this comes, she would add, from my not being dressed any better."

"Dear sister, he would reply, I think you have comfortable clothes, and if they are not whole and neat, that must be your own fault, since you know well, how to wash and mend. You must consider, what a great favour it is, that uncle and aunt should thus stand in the place of parents. For how many orphans like us, suffer for want of food and raiment.

"If you are not quite as well dressed, as those around you, just put on a pleasanter face, and sweeter manners than they, to make up the difference. These are things that the poor can have, as well as the rich. They cost no money, but they bring what money will not always buy, good-will, and love from those we associate with."

"Edward, I declare you are equal to our old minister, for preaching. I hear preaching enough at home. When I see you, I should like to be entertained." "Is there any better entertainment, than good counsel, dear sister?"

"But it is time for me to go, as the bell will ring for nine, before I get home." And as he bade her good night, and kissed her, he whispered in her ear, "keep this text in your heart, to remember me by, till we meet again, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

As Edward advanced in the knowledge of his business, a yearly allowance was made him, for his clothing, and he was delighted to economize, that he might have it in his power, to show his love to his sister, by some appropriate gift. This was often in the form of an useful and instructive book.

On her sixteenth birth-day, he brought her a beautiful Bible, in which many passages were marked with his pencil, bespeaking her particular attention. For he thought it the duty of a good brother, to seek the welfare of his sister, not only in this life, but in that which is to come.

Often did he urge her, in the most affectionate terms, to strive for the consolations of true religion, and trust in an Almighty Protector. "I wish I could but live with you, Edward," she would reply. Then, I have no doubt, I should be always good."

This wish, was nearer its accomplishment, than she had anticipated. Such was Edward's good conduct, and knowledge of business, that at the age of twenty-one, his master proposed to take him as a partner; and as there had been long a mutual attachment, between him, and his daughter, he consented to their union, and the marriage soon took place.

It was an unspeakable pleasure to Edward, to receive his sister to his comfortable, and neatly-

furnished home, and to perceive that she, and his amiable young wife, cherished an affection for each other. "Our fire-side is yours, Julia," he said. "But remember," he playfully added, "your promise, to be *always good* if you lived with me. I shall hold you to it. For your improvement and happiness are as dear to me, as my own."

Her brother's example,—the devotion of his prayers, at the family-altar,—his affectionate, consistent deportment,—his desire to do good to all, and the serenity of his temper, amid the little perplexities of life, awakened a desire to imitate him, and to obtain that piety, which he mentioned as the source of his peace and hope.

Constant effort, and prayer for divine aid, wrought a change in her character. Her irritable disposition seemed to have past away. To her uncle and aunt, whose care, while with them, she had never fully appreciated, and whose strictness, she too often misunderstood, she now studied to give proofs of her attachment and gratitude.

When any remarked, how visibly her better qualities were unfolding, she meekly replied, "My good brother is my teacher." But he answered, "I think she is taught, by the good spirit of our God."

Years of happiness were the portion of the good brother, and his family. Little ones rose

up around his table like olive-plants, and of these, aunt Julia made herself the instructor and friend. It was her ambition to be assured that next to the father and mother, she was the object of their love.

But her constitution, which had been always delicate, showed symptoms of early decay. Her flesh wasted, and a hollow cough alarmed her affectionate relatives. The good physician who had attended her in her desolate childhood, visited her daily.

Soon the red hectic sat upon her cheek, and it was but too evident, that the deadly consumption had made her its victim. Edward procured a light carriage, and on every fine summer's day, took her to ride among the scenery that she loved.

As he was seen driving slowly, and carefully, lest the wheels passing over a stone, might agitate the wasted invalid, or bending down to hear some remark made in her faint, broken tones, pitying neighbours and friends, would bless his untiring sympathy, and say, that the ministry of the good brother was almost over upon earth.

It was during these excursions, so sweet, and mournful, that the failing one poured into her brother's ear, the fullness of her love and trust in her Redeemer. The thought of parting with her, lost its bitterness, when he heard her say that death came as a friend.

"Life is lovely," she added, with her faint voice. "You have made it so. But heaven is brighter. And you first pointed me there. If God permit, I will be near you, when I have angel's wings. I will bear you up in my hands, lest you dash your foot against a stone."

When the last hour came, he supported her in his arms. She tenderly embraced his wife, thanking her for her love, and kissed the little children with her cold, white lips.

Leaning her head on the shoulder of him who sustained her, she gasped long and painfully, ere she could say, "brother, dear brother, farewell. You have been father and mother to me. You led me to the Saviour. Lord, I come! I come!"

The pangs of death shook her sore. "Pray! Pray! once more for me," she entreated. And her brother, kneeling by the bed, prayed that her passage through the dark valley, might be made easy."

Then the lips of the dying, moved as if in prayer, and a light of joy came over her face. Those who bent over the pillow, heard the name of "*Great Redeemer*." But her last whisper was "*brother, good brother*." And her spirit ascended.

GRATITUDE TO TEACHERS.

THANK every person, who confers on you an obligation. Remember all acts of kindness. Cultivate a grateful disposition. To forget favours, or treat with indifference those who have shown them to you, are great faults. Even savages despise ingratitude.

Some have rendered you services that you can never hope to repay. Your parents have, and every day adds to the debt. Other persons have given you gifts, which you are not able to return. Treasure these in your memory, and ask God to requite them.

Number among your benefactors, those who have given you good advice. But especially, place in the highest rank, those who have laboured to instruct you. For as knowledge is one of the most precious gifts, your teachers are among your best benefactors.

Be attentive to their precepts, and docile to their commands. After you are removed from their immediate care, speak of them with grateful remembrance. Wherever you meet them,

show them a marked respect. "Esteem them very highly in love, for their works' sake."

Never lay up in your mind any unpleasant circumstance which may have occurred at school. Take only the sweet kernel of the nut, and throw the rough husk away. It is one characteristic of a good boy to love his teacher, and be beloved by him. And those who continue through life, to remember them with regard, prove that they prize wisdom, and are capable of gratitude.

Think of the value of knowledge, and never trouble your teachers to urge, or drive you to acquire it. It is a source of high pleasure. A well-furnished mind is never at a loss for amusement. It need never suffer from loneliness, or in the words of a poet, "feel it solitude to be alone."

There was a learned man, whose name was Mr. Roger Ascham. He lived in England, about three centuries ago. He was tutor to the Lady Jane Grey, and was once both surprized and pleased, to find her engaged in study, while the rest of the family were pursuing a favourite amusement in the park.

Though she was quite young, it was the Philosophy of Plato, in Greek, which she had chosen to read. "Why do you not join the gay party?" said he. "Because I find more enjoyment in my book, than in those sports," she replied. She

had discovered that there was pleasure in knowledge.

Knowledge can give the same happiness now, that it gave three hundred years since, to Lady Jane Grey. It does not change with time. Love to read, and to meditate, and to converse about what you learn, and you will hardly fail to think of your teachers with gratitude.

Knowledge gives the power of being extensively useful. Those must therefore, labour to obtain it, who wish to do good in the world. Our country can show many examples of those who have risen to eminent stations, by the efforts of their own minds. They are called *self-made men*, and are an honour to its history.

Dr. Franklin, assisted his father in making candles, and was afterwards a printer's boy. But he found time to read, for he was a lover of knowledge. When he grew up, he became a philosopher, a statesman, an ambassador at the courts of Europe.

He founded libraries for the poor, and sought to spread knowledge among the people. He made discoveries in science, which will cause his name long to be remembered. He is numbered among the benefactors of mankind.

Was it the possession of wealth, or the aid of powerful friends, that made Franklin so great? No. It was simply the love of knowledge, and the good sense to make a right use of it:—that

very knowledge which your teachers are trying to give you, and for which you are bound to show them gratitude.

Make it a rule not to go to bed at night, without having learned something, which you did not know in the morning. Try that the knowledge which you acquire, may add to the comfort of your parents, brothers and sisters and friends, and make you useful when you grow to be a man.

Ask your Heavenly Father, every morning and night, for a heart to obey your teachers, and to get knowledge, not for the pride of it, but as a means of doing good. If you continue to do this for a year, you will find such pleasure in the habit, that I should hope it would be unnecessary any longer to urge you to love knowledge, or its teachers, because you would continue to do so, of your own accord.

Alexander the Great, always showed gratitude to his instructor, Aristotle. He said, "if I am indebted to Philip, for *living*, I am indebted to Aristotle, for *living well*." When Stagyra, the native city of Aristotle, had been destroyed in war, Alexander rebuilt, and beautified it, to show his regard to his preceptor.

After Marcus Aurelius Antoninus became Emperor of Rome, he treated with the greatest respect, those who had given him knowledge. As long as they lived, he cheered them with his

gratitude. After their death, he had their statues made of gold, and kept them in his domestic chapel, and used to lay chaplets of the choicest flowers upon their tombs.

If heathens showed such tender affection to their teachers, ought we not to love those who instruct us in religion? For that is worth more to us, than any thing else. It will remain when other possessions perish.

However long we may be permitted to live on earth, we must leave it at last. If we die without the hope of future happiness, how terrible must be the loss. If we leave this world, with the bright prospect of entering into perfect joy, how unspeakable will be our gain.

Regard therefore, with tender love, those who instruct you how to obtain a mansion in the kingdom of heaven. Ask them to tell you more of that glorious country, and how you may learn the language, and imitate the character of its inhabitants.

Love the teachers of your Sunday-school, and show this love by a respectful deportment. Love your clergyman. He studies and labours that you may become good and happy. Every Sabbath, you share in his instructions. When he is at home, in his secret chamber, he remembers you in his prayers.

Take pains to convince him, how grateful and affectionate you feel. Meet him with a smiling

brow, and respectful manners. It will cheer him when he is weary. Never trifle, or behave lightly in his presence. Regard him as the interpreter of the law of the King of kings.

You will better understand your obligations to the teachers of religion, when you are sick, or draw nigh to death. Then the gilding will fall from many gay things that surround you, and the mist from your own eyes, and you will see more clearly, both this world and the next.

A child, who was suddenly seized with a fatal epidemic, said, "Father, oh go to my minister, go to all who have catechised and instructed me in religion, and thank them, in the name of a dying child. How comforting are their words to me now, in this, my time of distress."

"Thank also, those who have taught me to read and work. I bless God, for his great kindness, in granting me a religious education, and the instruction of teachers and ministers. Thus have I gained a comfort, that the world was too poor to afford."

NIGHT'S LESSONS.

NIGHT'S lessons! What are they? Does it not shut out the light, that we cannot see? Are not the hills veiled, and the solemn mountains? The loftiest trees, and the humblest flowers, and the brook where we sported, are alike hidden from us.

We cannot find our way along the accustomed walks. A thick curtain is drawn over the most familiar scenes. The book of Nature is shut. And yet you tell us of *Night's lessons*. What can they be?

Every thing around is silent. The noisy wheels, and the busy hammer, and the sound of the forge, and the tread of the passing people, are no longer heard. The playful children are at rest. We hear no more the laughter, or the cry of the babe, for it slumbers on the breast of its mother.

The lowing herd, are in their stalls. Every bird is silent in its nest. The hen broods her young chickens, sleeping herself also, and the watch-dog is quiet in his kennel. No voice

speaks to us, throughout the silent frame of nature. What then, are Night's lessons?

We are tired. We wish to sleep. Our hands, and our feet are weary. Our limbs, which are growing, ache, and would fain stretch themselves out, and be at rest, that they may expand more perfectly.

The lessons of our school are over. The lights in the distant windows are extinguished, one after the other. The village will soon be lost in slumber. When all the men, and all the women are asleep, must we keep awake to learn lessons?

In large cities, there may be heard, now and then, the rushing wheel of the traveller. The watchmen pace their round, and cry, "All is well." In the long, cold nights of Norway, the watchmen who guard its capital, pronounce in a solemn tone, "God bless our good city of Bergen."

In the garrison, or the endangered fortress, the armed sentinel keeps watch, lest they be surprized by the foe. But in this peaceful village, there is no need of either sentinel or watchman. Why may we not go to sleep, instead of learning Night's lessons?

My son, one of these, you may learn in a moment. Did you say, that all will soon be sleeping? No. There is one Eye, that never slumbers. He who made all the people, keepeth

watch above the everlasting hills. Commit yourself to His care.

Now, will you learn with me, the second lesson of the night? Lift your eyes, to yon glorious canopy. Seest thou not there, a sentinel, set by the Eternal, at the northern gate of heaven? The pole-star!

The pole-star! Blessings are breathed upon it, by the weary caravan, fearing the poisonous wind of the desert,—by the red forest-children, seeking their home, beyond the far western prairies,—and by the lonely mariner, upon the pathless ocean.

The stars! See them! The oil in their lamps never burns out. These glorious constellations, wheel their mighty course unchanged, while “mandieth and wasteth away, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?”

These brilliant orbs maintain their places, while countless generations pass away, and nations disappear and are forgotten. Let us bow in humility before Him, who “bringeth out their host by number, who calleth them all by name, through the greatness of his might, for that He is strong in power, not one faileth.”

Thirteen times in the year, Night, the Teacher, gives extra lessons. Will you be there, to learn them? First, she hangs up, a pale crescent in the west. The ancient Jews hailed its

infant beam, and answering fires of joy, were kindled on the hills of Palestine.

Next, she summons forth, a rounded orb, clad in full effulgence, and commits to it, the regency, when the sun retires. Lastly, a slender, waning crescent, appears nightly, like an aged man, ready to descend into the night of the tomb.

“Soon, as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.”

These are some of Night's lessons. . Are you tired of them? Or will you learn one more? Lift up your heart to Him who has given you the past day, with thanks for its blessings,—with penitence for its faults,—with supplication for strength and wisdom, for the time that is to come.

“Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night, showeth knowledge of God.” Thus meekly and faithfully studying Night's lessons, may we find,

“That darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.”

INSECTS.

YOU probably know that insects derive their name, from the Latin word, *insecta*, signifying, *to cut*, because the bodies of many of them, for instance, the wasp, and the house-fly, seem to be almost divided, or cut off in the middle.

Some of the insect-tribes, are exceedingly beautiful. Among these, the butterflies are conspicuous. They are also very numerous, in their varieties. Naturalists count more than a thousand species. Their graceful forms, and brilliant colours, display His skill, who gives the bird its plumage, and the flower its beauty.

Yet not alone for their external garb, do we admire the insect-race. Some of them are possessed of a degree of intelligence, and a system of habits, which are worthy to awaken our curiosity, to inspire us with kindness, or at least to induce the rudest boy to leave them unmolested.

The bee, has long been quoted, as an example of cheerful industry. It gathers its sweet food, with a song, amid the earliest dews of the morning. A bee-hive, on a fine summer's day, is like a busy, and well-ordered city. Throngs are

going forth to their accustomed toil, and throngs returning to deposite the fruits of their labours.

If you look through a glass-hive, you will see some, building or repairing the cells, some taking care of their young, and others removing whatever encumbers, or deforms, the little, pure apartments. Sometimes you may observe a group, bearing out a dead body.

All the toil abroad,—the nursing-care at home, the arts which preserve wealth, and the funeral honours to the dead, go on without interruption, or interference. “So work the honey-bees,” says Shakspeare, “and teach the arts of order, to a peopled kingdom.”

A division of labour is established among them. While some nurse the infants, others collect materials for building, others work as masons, bricklayers, or plaisterers, others, like artists or professors of architecture, plan and polish the cells, and give symmetry to the whole.

One of the secrets of their prosperity, is a well-administered government. Their obedience, and attachment to the queen, are wonderful. No resistance is made to her authority, and she seems to govern with equal energy and wisdom.

Bees are said to be capable of attachment to those, under whose care they live. Marmontel, a celebrated French writer, mentions an aunt of his, whom the tenants of the hive, knew and

loved. He says, that in damp, or chilly weather, when their wings were torpid, she would take them in her hands, and revive them with her breath, and that so far from hurting her, they distinguished her with a grateful fondness.

Plutarch, the historian, relates a singular story of the bees of Crete, which in pursuit of flowers, often passed a cape, or promontory, where high winds prevail. He asserts, that they took with them a particle of gravel, to give weight to their bodies, that they might not be blown away; as a vessel takes in ballast, ere she pursues her voyage.

The wasp, is by no means a favourite. It presents us with no honied essence, and is often too free with its sting. Still, it displays skill, in the construction of its house, which it builds either on the ground, or in the cavity of a tree, with two entrances, and surrounded by a wall. It makes use of the cells, only for the lodgement of its young, and shows great paternal tenderness, and attachment to its home.

The ants give us lessons of industry and prudence. "Consider their ways, and be wise," said king Solomon. In summer, they lay up a store, for the winter's want. If they have a heavy load to transport, they unite their strength, until it is drawn to the granary. If a single one, labours under too severe a burden, others hasten to *his assistance*.

The numerous cells, of their dwellings, are united by little subterranean galleries. If these are molested, or destroyed, they remove to a different neighbourhood, and construct another habitation. They are said to possess as much sagacity, as perseverance.

When Dr. Franklin was ambassador in France, he was once taking his breakfast alone, in Paris, and observed a number of black ants, climbing over the lumps of sugar. He drove them away, but they returned. To test their ingenuity, he caused the sugar-bowl to be suspended from the ceiling, a few inches over the table.

When all was again quiet, the ants returned, and endeavoured to reach the treasure, by standing upon each other's shoulders. Mounted in this manner, the highest one reached earnestly upwards, but in vain. The chain of ants fell, as fast as it was raised, like the pride of the builders of Babel.

After many attempts, they disappeared. The philosopher thought they had given up the matter. Not so. In due time, they were seen descending the string, having scaled the walls, traversed the ceiling, and like Hannibal, crossed the Alps, to fasten upon the spoil.

The white ants, or termites, as they are sometimes called, are very powerful insects. They inhabit warm countries, and their houses are raised in the form of a sugar-loaf, ten or twelve

feet in height. Their appetite being as great as their strength, they are very destructive to any object, which they select for food.

With some of the habits of the spider, we are all acquainted. Though the threads of its web are so fine, each one is composed of several strands twisted together. Within his establishment, he builds a secret cell, as soft as silk, where he lies in ambush, seeking for prey.

Though we cannot praise the amiable qualities of the spider, we may learn from him a lesson of perseverance. If his house is swept down, he rebuilds it. If the stores of food which he had laid up, are destroyed, he hastens to replenish them. He is never discouraged, or dejected.

When King Robert Bruce was defeated, and unfortunate, he was once sitting alone, in a rude apartment, ready to despair. Almost unconsciously, he fixed his eyes upon a spider, who was toiling to construct its web.

Many times was it baffled, ere it could fix its filmy line on the point which it desired. Yet whenever it was disappointed, it returned to the charge, with courage and patience. At length it succeeded.

Robert Bruce, beheld the perseverance of the insect, and received instruction. He resumed his own toils, and was victorious. Here was a king, learning from a spider, not to be discouraged at difficulties.

We also will persevere, when we have obstacles to encounter. We will not say, if our studies are difficult, that we cannot comprehend them. If our lessons are long, we will not complain that we are tired, or excuse ourselves, as not having time to get them.

The bee is never tired of industry, nor does the ant shrink back from the heaviest grain of corn, nor the spider despond when its favourite mansion is destroyed, knowing that it has the power to repair it. Let us be as wise as the insects.

The light-giving insects, are wonderful in their construction ; the common fire-fly, glittering in the summer-evening, the glow-worm, holding its steadier lantern to the traveller, and the brilliant cucullo, that sparkles amid the tropics, like a ruby. Let us not carelessly extinguish any lamp, that God has kindled, and which man can never relume.

It is a serious fault in the young, to disturb, or destroy innocent insects. A microscope, so displays their exquisite structure, their hidden properties, or their rich adornment, that we shudder at the thought of crushing out their little life, as at blotting out a bright trace from the pencil of the Almighty.

What princely robe can be compared with the embroidery on the beetle's wing ?—with the fringed plumes of the moth, or the butterfly ?

Turn your microscope upon them, and answer. Look, in the same manner, at the proboscis, with which the fly tastes the honey-drop, and do not lightly tread out its brief existence.

A fine writer has called the more brilliant insect-tribes, the "winged jewelry of heaven." If the Almighty has seen fit to create and decorate them, to quicken their little beating hearts, to give them a most delicate net-work of nerves, and to make the simple pleasures of their being dear to them, let us beware how we interfere with his design.

We will not kill any harmless creatures. We will not allow ourselves to give pain to the lowliest, or most deformed. "I would not have for my friend, says Cowper, one who carelessly sets foot upon a worm." We have duties to perform, to the whole inferior creation. The Father of us all, has placed them here, for his own wise purposes, but not to call forth the exercise of savage power, or malevolent dispositions.

USES OF EDUCATION.

"MAKE a crusade, against ignorance," said one of the Presidents of the United States. You know that the crusades were wars, in which many of the princes of Europe united, to take the city of Jerusalem, out of the hands of the Turks.

There were several crusades, and the first commenced, more than seven hundred years ago. The soldiers had crosses of red cloth, sewed upon their clothes, to distinguish them, and marched under the red-cross banner.

The perseverance with which they surmounted obstacles, and the zeal with which their object was pursued, for a century and a half, are examples for the young, while acquiring their education. This is what was meant, by making a crusade against ignorance.

Look at those nations, where the common people are not able to read and write. In what hopeless vassallage are they crushed. Or if they are roused to faction, or mutiny, with what blind and brute violence, do they follow unprincipled leaders.

It is one of the distinguished blessings of our own dear country, that no person need to be destitute of knowledge. There was an affecting earnestness in the care of the first settlers of New-England, to provide for the interests of education.

Arriving at Plymouth, as they did, in the depth of winter, obliged to be content with the rudest huts, and sometimes suffering from want of food, as well as fatal sickness, *they* established schools, amid all the hardships of a new colony, and only a few years had elapsed, ere they laid the foundation of a college.

Great exertions are now making among wise and good men, to elevate the character of schools. They should be considered as public benefactors. Frederick William, the king of Prussia, has been assiduous in establishing an excellent system of education, among his people. It was also his object to place a Bible in every cottage. Future generations will honour his memory.

I hope you feel it a privilege to attend school. When there, give your time and thoughts to the employments that are marked out for you. Avoid trifling with idle companions. Keep faithfully every rule. Hold it dishonourable to break a single one.

If you comply with all the wishes of your instructors, you will acquire knowledge with

pleasure. Converse freely with your parents and friends, about the studies you are pursuing. You will thus fix them more firmly in your memory, and be also in the way of acquiring additional information.

“For the soul to be without knowledge, is not good,” said King Solomon. How many have been willing to labour very hard for an education, and to work with their own hands, to help defray their expenses, while at school, or college. But I never heard any say that they were sorry, or had taken more pains for knowledge than it was worth.

In the intervals of school, and during its vacations, spend a part of your time in reading. Select useful books. Those which amuse the fancy are pleasant ; but those which teach wisdom, and impress the examples of goodness and piety, are more proper for the young, who are preparing themselves for the duties of untried life.

After you have made some advance in knowledge, the next step, is to impart it. He who hoards money, is a miser. What shall he be called, who locks up knowledge in his own breast ? Open your stores, to those with whom you associate, not from ostentation, as king Hezekiah displayed his riches to the Assyrians, and was punished, but freely, as the sun-beam visits both the cottage, and the palace.

Do not choose to talk about trifles, with your companions. It is not improper to love play, but it is wrong to devote the greatest part of your time and thoughts to it. In the words of the prophet, it is to spend your "money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not."

When you read an improving book, speak to your young friends about it. Relate to them some part of its contents. Ask them to do the same by you. Thank them, when they share with you, these treasures of memory, more earnestly than when they give you any gift which perishes in the using.

Converse with your class-mates, about the lessons that you have learned together. By imparting good thoughts to the minds of others, and deepening them there, you put your stock of knowledge into trade, and will increase your capital.

To acquire the benefits of education, is a way of being happy. To dispense them liberally, is a way of doing good. And experience will teach you, that *doing good*, and *being happy*, mean the same thing.

There was once a boy, who made a resolution, that wherever he went, or with whoever he conversed, he would try to make them wiser and better. It was a noble rule, and he faithfully observed it.

He began with the domestics of the family. Next, he tried his young companions. If he met the ignorant and vicious, he sought out some pleasant precept, or kind advice, to which they would be likely to listen. And he was soon respected and beloved.

This excellent habit grew up with him, and was strengthened from above. Throughout the whole of life, he was distinguished by his conversations, his writings, and his charities, and the blessing of many hearts, and the favour of heaven were his reward.

Are there not some, at your own homes, with whom you can profitably divide your knowledge? Have you any younger brothers and sisters? Explain their little books to them. Teach them simple pieces of poetry. Aid them in their lessons.

Thus you will acquire influence over them, for it has been justly said, that "knowledge is power." When you perceive that you have this power, strive to improve their characters. If they are out of humour, sooth them. If they are ignorant, or mistaken, gently set them right.

Teach them to put every thing in its place, when they have done with it,—to return whatever they may have borrowed, to the owner, and to make the best use of their own little possessions. Show them, by your own example, how to be industrious, good-tempered, and happy.

In this way, you will extract the pure gold of knowledge, and turn it to its true use,—the purchase of goodness and virtue. And how can you better repay a portion of your immense debt to your parents, than in thus assisting to enrich and beautify the unfolding minds of their little ones?

Have you not also, some knowledge, to bestow in charity? Can you teach any person to read? Uneducated children sometimes do wrong, from very ignorance. It is true benevolence to instruct them in their duty, and to endeavour to make them love it.

So shall your education, both elevate your own mind, and benefit the souls of others. And so, will you best show your gratitude to our Father in Heaven, for the privilege of living in a land where knowledge is free to all.

Sir William Jones was a man of great learning. He understood twenty-six languages. So distinguished were his attainments, and his virtues, that it was pronounced a happiness to the world, that he had ever been born.

But he was not proud of his knowledge. "If, said he, I am asked who is the *greatest* man, I answer, the *best*: and if I am required to say who is the best, I reply, he who has deserved most of his fellow-creatures."

THE TREMBLING EYE-LID.

It was the day before Christmas, in the year 1778, during our war of revolution, that an armed vessel sailed out of Boston. She was strongly built, and carried twenty guns, and a crew of one hundred and five persons, with provisions for a cruise of six months.

She made a fine appearance, as she spread her broad sails, and steered out of the harbour. Many hearts wished her success. And she bore as goodly a company of bold and skilful seamen, as ever braved the perils of the deep.

Soon the north wind blew, and brought a heavy sea into the bay. The night proved dark, and they came to anchor with difficulty, near the harbour of Plymouth. The strong gale that buffeted them, became a storm, and the storm, a hurricane.

Snow fell, and the cold was terribly severe. The vessel was driven from her moorings, and struck on a reef of rocks. She began to fill with water, and they were obliged to cut away her masts. The sea rose above the main deck, sweeping over it at every surge.

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They made every exertion that courage could prompt, or hardihood endure. But so fearful were the wind and cold, that the stoutest man was not able to strike more than two or three blows, in cutting away the masts, without being relieved by another.

The wretched people thronged together upon the quarter-deck, which was crowded almost to suffocation. They were exhausted with toil and suffering, but could obtain neither provisions or fresh water. These were all covered by the deep sea, when the vessel became a wreck.

But unfortunately, the crew got access to ardent spirits, and many of them drank to intoxication. Insubordination, mutiny, and madness ensued. The officers, remained clear-minded, but lost all authority over the crew, who raved around them.

A more frightful scene, can scarcely be imagined : the dark sky,—the raging storm,—the waves breaking wildly over the rocks, and threatening every moment to swallow up the broken vessel,—and the half-frozen beings who maintained their icy hold on life, lost to reason, and to duty, or fighting fiercely with each other.

Some lay in disgusting stupidity ; others, with fiery faces, blasphemed God. Some, in temporary delirium, fancied themselves in palaces, surrounded by luxury, and brutally abused the

servants, who they supposed, refused to do their bidding.

Others there were, who amid the beating of that pitiless tempest, believed themselves in the homes that they never more must see, and with hollow, reproachful voices, besought bread, and wondered why water was withheld from them by the hands that were most dear.

A few, whose worst passions were quickened by alcohol, to a fiend-like fury, assaulted or wounded those who came in their way, making their shrieks of defiance, and their curses heard above the roar of the storm. Intemperance never displayed itself in more distressing attitudes.

At length, Death began to do his work. The miserable creatures fell dead every hour upon the deck, being frozen stiff and hard. Each corpse, as it became breathless, was laid upon the heap of dead, that more space might be left for the survivors. Those who drank most freely, were the first to perish.

On the third day of these horrors, the inhabitants of Plymouth, after making many ineffectual attempts, reached the wreck, not without danger. What a melancholy spectacle! Lifeless bodies, stiffened into every form, that suffering could devise.

Many lay in a vast pile. Others sat, with their heads reclining on their knees; others,

grasping the ice-covered ropes ; some in a posture of defence, like the dying gladiator ; others, with hands held up to heaven, as if deprecating their fate.

Orders were given to search earnestly for every mark or sign of life. One boy was distinguished amid a mass of dead, only by the trembling of one of his eye-lids. The poor survivors were kindly received into the houses of the people of Plymouth, and every effort used for their restoration.

The captain and lieutenant, and a few others, who had abstained from the use of ardent spirits, survived. The remainder were buried, some in separate graves, and others in a large pit, whose hollow is still to be seen, on the south-west side of the burial-ground in Plymouth.

The funeral obsequies were most solemn. When the clergyman, who was to perform the last services, first entered, and saw more than seventy dead bodies, some fixing upon him their stony eyes, and others, with faces stiffened into the horrible expression of their last mortal agony, he was so affected, as to faint.

Some, were brought on shore alive, and received every attention, but survived only a short time. Others, were restored, after long sickness, but with their limbs so injured by the frost, as to become cripples for life.

In a village, at some distance from Plymouth; a widowed mother, with her daughter, were seen constantly attending a couch, on which lay a sufferer. It was the boy whose trembling eyelid attracted the notice of pity, as he lay among the dead.

“Mother, he said, in a feeble tone, God bless you for having taught me to avoid ardent spirits. It was this that saved me. After those around me, grew intoxicated, I had enough to do, to protect myself from them.

Some attacked, and dared me to fight; others pressed the poisonous draught to my lips, and bade me drink. My lips and throat were parched with thirst. But I knew if I drank with them, I must lose my reason as they did, and perhaps, blaspheme my Maker.

One by one, they died, those poor, infuriated wretches. Their shrieks and groans, still seem to ring in my ears. It was in vain that the captain and other officers, and a few good men, warned them of what would ensue, if they thus continued to drink, and tried every method in their power, to restore them to order.

They still fed upon the intoxicating liquor. They grew delirious. They died in heaps. Dear mother, our sufferings from hunger and cold, you cannot imagine. After my feet were frozen, but before I lost the use of my hands, I

discovered a box, among fragments of the wreck, far under water.

I toiled with a rope to drag it up. But my strength was not sufficient. A comrade, who was still able to move a little, assisted me. At length, it came within our reach. We hoped that it might contain bread, and took courage.

Uniting our strength, we burst it open. It contained only a few bottles of olive oil. Yet we gave God thanks. For we found that by occasionally moistening our lips with it, and swallowing a little, it allayed the gnawing, burning pain in the stomach.

Then my comrade died. And I lay beside him, as one dead, surrounded by corpses. Presently, the violence of the tempest, that had so long raged, subsided, and I heard quick footsteps, and strange voices amid the wreck, where we lay.

They were the blessed people of Plymouth, who had dared every danger, to save us. They lifted in their arms, and wrapped in blankets, all who could speak. Then they earnestly sought all who could move. But every drunkard, was among the dead.

And I was so exhausted with toil, and suffering, and cold, that I could not stretch a hand to my deliverers. They passed me again and again. They carried the living to the boat. I feared that I was left behind.

Washington, when a boy, was taught to be accurate in all his statements. He told things exactly as they were, and repeated words just as they had been spoken. If he had committed a fault, he did not try to conceal it, or lay the blame upon others.

Whatever his errors were, and the best child in the world, sometimes does wrong, he always spoke of them to his mother, without disguise, and without delay. This was the foundation of that noble frankness, and contempt of deceit, which distinguished him through life, and made him revered by all.

Once, from an indiscretion of his boyhood, a considerable loss was incurred. He knew that it would interfere with favourite plans of his mother,—give pain to her feelings, and perhaps awaken her severe displeasure. But he did not hesitate in his duty. He went immediately to her, and made a full acknowledgement; and she said, “I had rather this should have taken place, than my son should be guilty of a falsehood.”

She was careful not to injure him by indulgence, or luxurious food. She required him to rise early, and never permitted him to be idle. Labours were sometimes assigned him, which the children of wealthy parents might have accounted severe. Thus he acquired strength, firmness of frame, and disregard of hardship.

He was taught to have certain hours, for certain employments, and to be punctual. The systematic improvement of time, thus early taught, was of immense service, when the mighty concerns of a nation devolved on him. Then he found leisure for the transaction of the smallest affairs, in the midst of the most important and conflicting duties.

It was observed, by those who surrounded his person, that he neglected nothing, and was never known to be in a hurry. He was remarkably neat in his person, yet spent but little time in arranging his dress.

When the affairs of our country, were in a perilous situation, and he was occupied with the most perplexing affairs, no part of his dress betrayed negligence, and no haste of manner, showed absence of mind. He was superior to those accidents which disturb the temper of others.

His habits of early rising, and strict attention to order, gave him time for every thing, so that the pressure of public business, never rendered him inattentive to private duty, domestic courtesy, or kind hospitality. In winter, he rose two hours before day, and in summer was ready to enjoy the freshness and beauty of the dawn.

Such benefits did a man, whom the world beheld with admiration, derive from the counsels of a mother, who inured him to early-rising, order

and industry. His obedience to her, was cheerful and unvarying. Even after he attained mature years, and a nation regarded him as its deliverer and ruler, the expression of her slightest wish was a law.

From childhood, he repaid her care with the deepest affection, and yielded his will to hers, without a murmur. At the age of fourteen, having read many voyages, he conceived a desire to go to sea. The office of a midshipman had been prepared for him, and every thing was in readiness for his departure.

Preparing to take leave of his mother, he found her more distressed than he had ever seen her, and discovered that she had not fully stated to him her objections to this mode of life. He threw himself into her arms, and offered to relinquish his favourite purpose, if she desired. She accepted the noble sacrifice.

He watched from the window, the boat which was conveying the officers to the ship, and in which his own baggage had been placed. The bright anticipations which he had long cherished, faded away. His mother inquired, if he regretted his resolution to remain. "Indeed, said he, I strongly wished to go, but I cannot make you unhappy." "God will reward your filial affection, my son," was the answer.

Her influence over him, was strengthened by the dignity with which true piety invested her.

This gave her elevation of feeling, and serenity of mind. During many periods of our revolution, the fears of the people were distressing, even to despondence. Mistaken reports were often in circulation, which agonized the hearts of those, whose friends were exposed to danger.

More than once, was the mother of Washington told, that our army was defeated, and her son a prisoner. "He is in the hand of God, was her reply; and has been accustomed to act in difficult situations."

Again, it would be announced to her, "a great victory has been gained by Washington." And she answered, "Give the praise to God." Such equanimity, and constant presence of mind, arose from the inspiring confidence of a Christian's faith.

At length, the blessings of peace and independence, were granted to our nation; and Washington, who for eight years, had been divided from the comforts of home, hastened with filial reverence, to receive his mother's blessing. He, who had been pronounced "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," came to lay his honours at her feet, who planted the seeds of virtue in his soul.

When a grateful nation, by electing him its first President, conferred on him, the highest gift in its power to bestow, he waited on his mother, at her residence in Fredericksburg, to inform her

of his appointment. He was now illustrious, and applauded, both by the Old and the New World. He had lived more than half a century, without a stain upon his fame.

Yet he bowed down with the same deep reverence, to his maternal guide, as when in childhood, he learned his lessons at her knee, and repeated from the Bible, "my son, forsake not the law of thy mother."

In her decline of life, he affectionately urged her, to make Mount-Vernon her home, and allow him to study her comfort, for the remainder of her days. But she could not be persuaded to quit her own retired abode.

This was rendered more dear to her, by a beautiful spot, surrounded with trees, where she daily resorted, when the weather would permit, for reading, meditation and prayer. Of this secluded retreat, she said to her son, "Let me be buried there, when God shall call my spirit to himself." Washington held this command most sacred.

When at a very advanced age, his mother was summoned to meet that Being, whom she had trusted in youth, he hastened to give her the last proofs of his affection. He tenderly hung over her, as she breathed her last, and with pious grief closed her eyes.

In obedience to her request, he laid her, in the shady, secluded dell, where she had chosen her

grave. There, beneath those trees, where she had so long been accustomed to hold devout communion with her Maker, she slept, for many years, without a stone.

Travellers, who visited Mount-Vernon, often repaired to the lowly bed of the honoured matron, whom the father of his country so strongly resembled, both in person, and in mind. Her tomb is now designated by a tasteful marble monument, bearing the beautiful inscription,

“Mary, the mother of Washington.”

It would be easy to adduce many examples of celebrated men, who were distinguished for filial affection, and on whom a widowed mother has reposed every care, with entire confidence. When Fulton, the inventor of the steam-boat, was young, he had no means of acquiring a subsistence, but by his own industry.

He had a taste for drawing and painting, and by employments of this kind, obtained a supply for his wants. But the first considerable sum, which he ever earned, he immediately, and joyfully expended, to purchase a small farm for his mother.

“What would I give, said the talented Charles Lamb, in a letter to a friend, “what would I give, to call back to earth, my mother, but for one day, on my knees to ask her pardon, for all those little asperities of temper, which from time

to time, have given her gentle spirit pain. Oh, my friend, cultivate filial feelings."

We have now seen the illustrious Washington, the leader of a victorious army, the first magistrate of a grateful people, and the object of admiration to the civilized world, in the character of an obedient, affectionate son. We have traced his virtues back, to that submission to maternal authority, which marked his early years.

We have seen visibly descending on him, that blessing promised in the Holy Scriptures, to those who honour their parents. She, whom he ever regarded with such tenderness and reverence, said that he "learned to command others, by first learning to obey."

We remember, that it is written of one, far greater than Washington, that "he was subject unto his mother." Let no son imagine that it is manly to despise the authority of a mother, or that God will forget to punish disobedience and disrespect.

Those, who in the morning of life, are ambitious of future eminence, should lay the foundation in filial virtue. Let them not expect to be either fortunate or happy, while they neglect the injunction, "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother."

WINTER.

"I WISH the whole year, was but one long summer," said a little girl, to her brother. "I so love to run on the green grass, and to take care of my flowers, and I cannot bear to see them go under the frozen ground, and be covered with the cold ice and snow."

"Sister, we boys, would not agree with you. We should vote for the winter,—the sliding down hill, and the skating that it brings. We do not mind the cold ; it only calls more blood into the cheeks, and makes us bold and vigorous."

The mother, who listened to their conversation, said, "My children, every season has its beauties. Each, is the gift of a Being of love and wisdom. No doubt, their change, heightens our enjoyment. Yet, I have often thought, that Winter did not have its due."

Let us inquire into the case, and see if we cannot give Winter its due. It is very generally spoken against, especially by delicate ladies, and invalids. We would desire to be just to everything. So, let us seek out the merits of the season of ice and snow.

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Spring gives us buds, Summer, flowers, and Autumn, fruit. But Winter brings frost, and icicles, and piercing cold. The drifted snow lies deep on the plain. The bleak winds blow. Storms confine us to the house, or we go out in them, and feel uncomfortable, perhaps complain.

Still, this dreary season, has some redeeming virtues. In summer, men travel about ; they wander wide in pursuit of pleasures. In winter, they seek them at home. There the sweet affections of the heart blossom. The blessed charities, whose seeds are sown by the fireside, are brought to greater perfection.

The little babe sees more of its father, whose business calls him less from home. It sits longer upon his knee, and imprints many kisses upon his cheek, and winds itself more closely round his heart. The boy sits with his books by the lamp, and talks of his lessons with his mother ; and the knowledge which her love softens, is sweet to his soul.

Under the burning suns of summer, the farmer works, and is wearied. The short nights, scarcely refresh him, after the labour of the long days. But the winter is a time of sweet rest. He sits with his family around him, by the evening fireside, and reads and meditates, and gathers wisdom.

The long evening, and the cheerful fire, seem to open heart to heart. Social feelings expand,

and friendships flourish. The student gains more time for meditation. Winter-knowledge strikes a deeper root ; for the beautiful things of summer dissipate thought, and make the mind desultory.

Nature enjoys repose. The trees cease from the labour of putting forth leaves, and the plants, willingly lay their sweet heads in the snow-cradle. The stream stays its hurrying foot, and the cascade rests from its leaping. The furrowed earth, enjoys a sabbath, and prepares to meet with renewed vigour the season of toil.

Winter, is also the time for quickening sympathy, and benevolence. The poor, need fuel, and food. The shivering child must be clad. Go into the cold habitations of the sons and daughters of penury. See what the sick and the sorrowful need, and report their cases to those who have power to relieve them. So, shall you return to your own comfortable dwelling, with deeper gratitude, and the thought of having soothed others' pain, shall give you higher, and more sacred happiness.

Were there no winter, there would be less of prudent and provident foresight, in the world. This is a virtue, and it strengthens by exercise. The father thinks, during the mild season, what will be necessary to make his family comfortable, for approaching winter. The mother calculates

what garments will be needed to shield her little ones.

In those cares there is comfort, because they are duties. They are such cares as quicken industry, and strengthen judgment, and deepen affection. If there was no winter, to call them into habitual exercise, the butterflies might have a longer time to flaunt, but the ants would lose their distinctive excellence, and the honey of the bee would have a slighter value.

Are there not some stores, which are laid up in autumn, to enliven the winter-evening?—the ruddy apple?—the enduring pear?—the varied nuts of the forest? So there are treasures, which may be laid up in winter, for other seasons,—kind recollections,—useful knowledge,—active sympathy. The kernels of such nuts are sweet. The essence of such fruits does not decay. Time cannot impair their flavour. Let us lay them up in abundance.

Why should we complain so much of a season, that brings us the buds of affection,—the flowers of benevolence,—the fruits of wisdom? If winter has in it some mixture of discipline, let us receive it meekly, with a conviction that it is for our good. So, shall our winters be remembered in that world where no ice binds the sweet stream, and where there is neither storm nor tempest.

SHELL-FISHES.

WE know very little of the habits of the smaller inhabitants of the deep. Naturalists divide them into a great number of classes. Some of these, are called testaceous ; others crustaceous. The former have a hard, permanent shell, capable of growth : the latter have a thinner covering, which may be cast off, for a new one to grow. The oyster, is testaceous ; the lobster, crustaceous.

You have doubtless, often admired the variety and delicacy of these exquisitely penciled shells, which ornament so many parlours and cabinets. They display His skill, who has given to the birds their brilliant plumage, and to the wild flowers of the field, their beauty.

In treatises of Conchology, you will find thousands of shells classified and arranged, according to their respective orders. We cannot here give the outlines of so extensive a science. All that will be attempted, is to give a few traits of character, of some of the tenants, of those curious mansions.

The Pinnæ, has the power of throwing out fine, silken threads. Hence it has been sometimes called the "silk-worm of the ocean." It adheres strongly to rocks, by a thick tuft of these threads. When broken off, and cleansed, they are capable of being made into useful articles of dress.

A manufactory of gloves and stockings, from the silk of the Pinnæ, is established at Palermo, in Sicily. The females there, sometimes steep it in a strong acid, and then press it with a warm iron, which imparts a beautiful yellow-brown colour, like the burnished gold of a beetle's wing.

The Pinnæ, this industrious silk-spinner, is entirely blind. But it lodges in its own shell, a small, quick-sighted crab. This tenant, goes out to provide food, and at returning, taps gently at the door of its blind landlord, who readily opens to receive it.

But it is not satisfied with paying for its lodging in provisions. It performs a higher office, by apprizing its sightless companion, when the cuttle-fish, its mortal foe, is near, and thus often is instrumental in saving its life.

This league of friendship and defence, under the waters, did not escape the observation of the ancient naturalists. Both Pliny and Aristotle, mention that the Pinnæ, was never unattended by this faithful protector, and provider, who was literally, "eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame."

The Solen, or Razor-Sheath, who obtains this name, from a resemblance to a case for razors, has an apparatus for digging. Still, he cannot be dignified, with the name of gardener, as he merely excavates a cell for himself to hide in. If the sand is soft, he is able to dig a pit, two feet in depth, where he shuts himself up at pleasure, like a solitary student.

The Lepas, or Sea-Acorn, when the waters are boisterous, shuts its little door, and excludes them, as we do the storm. It adheres very closely to rocks, or stones, or the bottoms of vessels. Sailors call the sea-acorns, barnacles, and count them enemies, as they are troublesome to ships. A very large, old whale, was taken in the Pacific Ocean, whose head was rough, with multitudes of these shells.

The Chiton, or Coat of Mail, has a shell, like a suit of ancient armour. Its valves, eight in number, are encased around him, in such a manner, that he can roll himself up like a ball, when he chooses. This knight of the deep sea, is often seen walking among the rocks, or attaching himself to waving wreaths of sea-weed, and coral.

The Teredo, has the power of penetrating wood, and derives its name from a Greek word, signifying to *bore*. It uses one pair of its valves as flood-gates, to admit the water into its dwelling, when it desires. It clings to the sides and

bottoms of ships, and other timber, which it perforates.

The Pholas, like a mason, opens for itself an entrance into stone. There it hides whenever it chooses to be concealed. Its name, which is from the Greek, signifies something *hidden*. Though its movements are slow, it succeeds in penetrating the hardest rocks, even when it is young and feeble; and thus gives us from its cell in the deep waters, a lesson of perseverance.

The Soldier-snail, if he sees a shell that suits his fancy, and finds the inhabitant weaker than himself, wounds, dislodges it, and takes possession, in the true spirit of a robber chieftain. There he keeps guard,—his head and claws protruding, ready to defend his stolen fortress.

The Trochus, is a pirate. With his strong trunk, toothed at the extremity like a saw, he forces his way, through the most impenetrable shell, and devours its tenant. When he once grapples, nothing can dislodge him, and he is sometimes weeks in feeding on the vitals of his prey. Multitudes of shells thrown up on the beach, pierced with round holes, attest his ravages.

The depths of the sea, like the surface of the earth, have some characters, who are willing to over-reach their neighbours. Lobsters, trouble oysters, and lie in wait to eat them. When the

oyster opens his shell, for fresh air, or a draught of water, his crustaceous friend, is ready to dart upon him.

A fine, fat oyster, was once observed upon the beach, opening his door, to meet the approaching tide. A lobster put forth his red hands to seize him, thrice, but in vain. Watching till it should open the fourth time, he cunningly threw a pebble between the valves of the oyster, which prevented them from closing, and thus enjoyed the spoil at his leisure.

When Scallop-shells find themselves deserted by the tide, they open their valves as wide as possible, and continue to take long leaps until they reach their native element. Testaceous animals, can enlarge their habitations, repair them when they are injured, and stain them of various colours.

The Argonaut, raises himself to the surface of the water, when he chooses. If it is calm, he throws out two or more little arms, for oars; if a breeze springs up, he spreads a fine membrane, as a sail, and scuds before the wind. If he is apprehensive of danger, he suddenly draws in a quantity of water, whose weight sinks him to the bottom of the sea.

The Nautilus inhabits a pearly palace, containing thirty or forty apartments. His own residence is in the largest one, which communicates with all the rest. In fine weather, little

fleets of the Nautilus may be seen, fearlessly steering over the mighty ocean.

To the skill of these tiny, and most expert sailors, guiding their frail, and beautiful barks over the fathomless waters, it is said the art of navigation owes its origin. A fine poet gives them the honour of being teachers to the mariner :

“ Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.”

The Chama-Gigas, or the Giant-Clam, is the largest of all the testaceous tribes. Linnæus mentions one, which weighed four hundred and ninety-eight pounds, and furnished a day's provision for one hundred and twenty men ; and the violent closing of whose valves, could snap a cable in sunder. Sir Joseph Banks has recorded that one weighing five hundred and seven pounds, was found in the island of Sumatra.

A shell of this kind, is placed on the table, at Plymouth, when the anniversary of the landing of the ancestors of New-England is celebrated. A very large one, which was given by the Venetians, to Francis the First, of France, is still used as a baptismal font, in the church of St. Sulpice, at Paris.

Some of the varieties of the Oyster, have coloured shells, and the power of leaping to a considerable distance. Darting through the billows,

with their brilliant, sparkling tints, they have sometimes obtained the appellation of the "butterflies of ocean."

The *Ostrea-Arborea*, or Tree-Oyster, is found attached to shrubs or roots, which extend into sheltered bays, harbours or rivers. In tropical regions, it often presents a finely variegated mixture of vivid colours, and when a bough thus loaded, is washed for the table, it is frequently too heavy for a man to carry.

The Pearl-Oysters afford employment, for numerous fisheries. The largest, and even the smallest specimens, which are called seed-pearls, have always been highly valued as ornaments, by the wealthy and tasteful. "The pearl of great price," is the image chosen by our Saviour, to express the purity and precious nature of the Gospel.

Many divers are employed in searching for pearls. The employment is dangerous, and destructive to life. It is so painful, especially when first commenced, that blood is often forced from the ears, nose and mouth.

A diver, who once descended into the straits of Messina, saw there, with horror, enormous polypi, attached to the rocks, whose arms, several feet long, and extending in every direction, might strangle the strongest man in their embrace. The shark, also, with his hideous jaws, yawns upon the daring adventurer.

The bottom of the Adriatic, has been ascertained to be a compact bed of shells, of great thickness. That of the Red-Sea, is a forest of submarine plants, madrepores, sponges and mosses, interspersed with grottoes, where the coral insect is busied, among its beautiful creations.

Sometimes, the bed of the sea, presents only a surface of smooth, bright sand, extending hundreds of miles. In many parts, near America, it is covered with vegetable formation, and looks green like a meadow, where thousands of turtles and sea-monsters, roam, and seek their food.

An English vessel once stopped at the barren island of Ascension, which you know lies, in the Atlantic Ocean, in seven degrees of south latitude, not far from St. Helena, where Buonaparte died. Turtles abound there, and the crew, after feasting on as many as they desired, undertook to carry some home with them.

But all their captive turtles died on the voyage, except one, who being very spirited, and having lost an arm, before he would be taken, they named *Lord Nelson*. When they reached England, he was languid, and almost expiring. So, they amused themselves with cutting his name, on the under part of his shell, and threw him into the sea.

Two years after, the same vessel, touched at the same island. The sailors again were busy in catching turtles. They turned a large one

upon his back, that they might the more easily take him, and what did they see?—the words “*Lord Nelson*,” engraved upon him !

They also perceived that one of his arms was missing. It was their old acquaintance. But who guided him, two thousand miles, through the depths of the pathless ocean, to his own home ? How did he defend himself, weak and wounded as he was, against the ravenous monsters, of the deep, dark sea ?

Is home, then, as dear to the wandering denizen of ocean, as to the bird, who returning from its annual migration, builds its nest upon the same tree, and gathers crumbs from the same threshold, where its last unfledg'd brood were reared ? Who can answer us this question, save He who breathed life into all the inhabitants of the deep ?

We admire the exquisite beauty of the shell-palaces, which are occasionally exhibited to our view. But of the habits, and instincts of their tenants, our knowledge is small. Still, in the fragments which we gather, we perceive Infinite Goodness active for the frail, as well as the mighty habitants of the world of waters.

Shall we not all repeat the eloquent words of the Psalmist, “O Lord, how manifold are thy works. In wisdom hast thou made them all. The earth is full of thy riches. So also, is the great and wide sea.”

SLEEP.

WHAT a comfort is the refreshment of sleep. How wonderfully has the Almighty constructed our frame, that when its muscles are wearied with labour or play, they may stretch themselves out for a while, and return with renewed vigour, to their accustomed action.

How sweet is the repose of infancy. Is there any more beautiful emblem of innocence and peace, than a fair infant, sleeping in its cradle, the happy mother watching by its side? It reminds us of that delightful expression of Scripture, "God giveth his beloved, sleep."

When you grow up, and take part in the business of men, you will better know the value of sleep, as a medicine for the mind, as well as the body;—"sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care; or as another poet has feelingly described it, "kind nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

The sick sufferer tosses on his couch, and solicits its aid in vain. How tardily the clock tells out the heavy hours, while he watches for the

morning. "Thou holdest mine eyes waking," said the afflicted man of old. "I am so troubled that I cannot speak." What a messenger of mercy is sleep to the diseased nerves, and the wounded spirit.

To you, whose lives have not yet been clouded by the cares, the conflicts, or the sorrows of maturity, sleep doubtless comes uncalled. Health and exercise are your anodynes. Are you ever thankful that you need no medicine from the physician, to "steep your senses in forgetfulness?"

Do you ever rise from your sweet pillow, without thanks to the Giver,—the Protector of your repose? A philosopher once said, "if you begin the day with ingratitude, misfortune will overtake you before night." To Him whose "mercies are new every morning," the young heart should turn, like the waking plant to the sun.

Have you ever had unpleasant dreams? I have known people, whose sleep, from frightful visions, ceased to refresh them, and who disturbed others by their shrieks. It was necessary to wake them, or they would rise in the morning, depressed and exhausted, as if from a conflict with foes.

Wise men have sometimes turned their attention to the theory of dreams. For as we spend so great a portion of our life in sleep, it is desirable to have it agreeable and refreshing. Some directions were once given me, in early life, how

to procure pleasant dreams. Shall I tell them to you?

The first rule was to preserve good-temper, during the day. Anger disorders the spirits, the circulation, and the nervous system. If it is indulged, the sleep becomes broken, and the bad tempers which troubled others through the day, come back at night to goad and punish us.

"My dream called out to me last night, said a very little boy, with a hoarse, horrid voice, so that when I waked, I was afraid to go to sleep again." "What do you suppose occasioned it?" asked his brother. "I think, was the reply, because I spoke crossly, twice to you, in the day, and so the cross spirit appeared to me."

Another, and a very important rule, is to be temperate in eating and drinking. Both the quantity and quality of what we receive into the stomach, is of consequence. Frightful dreams come more frequently from indigestion, than from any other cause.

Rich, high-seasoned dishes, and all stimulating drinks, should be avoided by the young. Neither, is it well, to form the habit of taking food between regular meals, or before retiring. This imposes extra labour upon the stomach, which has sufficient employment to convert the stated repasts, into healthful nutriment.

"I was induced to eat a piece of rich cake, and to drink a glass of wine, just before retiring to

bed, said a friend. So I spent most of the night, in climbing sharp cliffs, and hanging over black, deep waters, or fighting monsters, with eyes of fire. I tried to call for help, but could utter no sound,—to fly, but my limbs were powerless. Then I knew it was the cake and wine oppressing the stomach, and the stomach revenging its wrongs on me, in the shape of dreams.”

It is desirable to have a free circulation of pure air, in your sleeping apartment,—not to be over-burdened with bed-clothes,—to lay in an unconstrained position, with the face entirely uncovered, and to wash, before retiring, that no particle of dust, or retained perspiration, may obstruct the pores of the skin, in their important functions.

Another rule to be observed in order to procure pleasant dreams, is to go to rest, with a cheerful, amiable disposition, and a heart at peace with all mankind. Examine the actions of the day, and whatever has been done or omitted, that conscience regrets, ask in penitent prayer, the forgiveness of your Heavenly Father, and commend yourselves to his protection, and the ministry of holy angels.

Perhaps these rules, may seem to you old-fashioned. And yet I recommend them to you. For if you should find them to fail in procuring the happiness of dreams, they will help to promote the happiness of life. It would give me

pleasure to know that each one who reads them, would promise to make trial of them, for at least one year.

One more thought about dreams. Do they not aid in proving our immortality? The body is weary, and lays down to rest. But the mind, does that slumber? No. It wakes,—it wanders, it imagines,—it combines. It needs no sleep. It is not material. It is never to die. While its clay-companion reposes, it rises up, and declares it is to live forever.

Glorious truth! pointed out by the wild pencil of dreams, as well as written upon the pages of inspiration. We are to live forever. Engulphed for a season in the tomb,—covered with the clods of the valley, we shall rise again.

So may we live, and so keep God's commandments, that when this world shall fleet from us like the "baseless fabric of a vision," we may find a sure mansion prepared for us, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

To that cloudless realm, where there is no need of sleep, because there can be no more weariness or woe,—no more sickness or disobedience,—no more ignorance of our duty, or neglect to perform it, may we be admitted, and see the brightest dream of earth's prompting, fade in the full, clear certainty of immortal bliss.

THE ONLY SON.

FRANK WILSON was an only son. His parents were among the most respectable people in the town where they resided. They were very indulgent to him. He was a well-disposed, affectionate boy, and did not abuse their kindness.

He went cheerfully to school, and came regularly home, and was content to do what his father and mother thought best. This good conduct gave to his countenance, an agreeable expression, so that people were in the habit of saying, that they had seldom seen an only child so obedient and happy.

He had an unmarried uncle, who was very fond of him. He was quite rich, and had said something about making Frank his heir. So, the parents frequently consulted him about their son, and he was pleased to give advice respecting his education.

Once, the uncle said, "I think you had better send Frank from home." The father replied, "I do not see the necessity of it. Our schools

here, are considered among the best in the country ; and boys are sent to them from other States."

"That may be, the uncle answered, and yet he ought to go from home. He is not as manly as other boys. I see him sometimes putting his arm around his mother's neck, or sitting with her hand in his, which is very childish, you know."

So, Frank felt constrained when his uncle visited them. He was afraid to show fondness for his parents, or to express his affectionate feelings, on other occasions, lest it should not be manly.

At length, the uncle prevailed on the parents of Frank, to have him sent from home, for two years, before he entered college, engaging to pay the expenses of his board and tuition, at a celebrated academy, in a distant state.

But the mother had many misgivings. She said, "I now know, at least, that my boy is not in bad company. This, I cannot know, when he is away from me. While he studies his lessons by our fireside, in the evening, I feel that he is not exposed to evil example ; and he is always contented with me."

"That is the misfortune, sister. He is altogether too contented with you. Your husband is a good deal occupied with his business, and boys brought up by women, are good for nothing.

He must be sent from home, or he will never be a man."

It was in vain, the mother argued, that when the home was a good one, and the school a good one, and the boy making good progress, and in good habits, that a change might be for the worse. Her objections were supposed by the uncle, to spring from unwillingness to part with her son, and as the father had consented, she at length consented also.

Frank was pleased at the thought of seeing new places, and making new acquaintances. The preparations for his wardrobe, and supply of books, being on a more liberal scale, than he had been accustomed to, flattered his vanity, and kept him in good spirits.

But when the last trunk was locked, and he sat between his father and mother, expecting every moment, the arrival of the stage-coach, tears came so fast to his eyes, and he felt such a pain at his heart, that he could scarcely heed their parting counsel.

The sound of the wheels was heard at the door, and he wished to throw himself on his mother's neck and weep. But his uncle, who was to accompany him, jumped out of the coach, and came in. So, he said in a hurried voice, "good bye, dear father, dear mother! You shall hear from me, as soon as I get there."

He dared not look back, until the roof of his home, and the elm-trees that overshadowed it, were entirely out of sight. For he felt such a choking sensation, that he feared he should burst into tears, and he dreaded above all things, lest his uncle should call him "*Miss Frances*," in the presence of strangers.

In a large school, he found more to try his temper than he had expected. He wished to be distinguished for scholarship, but there were many older and more advanced than himself, and when he had been once or twice disappointed, he did not put forth that energy and perseverance, which are necessary to secure success.

He suffered from that loneliness of heart, which a stranger at school, and especially an only child, feels, when first exiled from the sympathies of home. In the turns of headache, to which he had been subject from childhood, he painfully missed maternal nursing, and tenderness.

But to these trials, he gradually became accustomed, and having a good temper, was rather a favourite, among his associates. At length, his room-mate was changed, and a bad scholar, and bad boy, was placed in this intimate connexion with him. It was found that he had not moral courage enough, to say *no*, when he was tempted to do wrong, and a sad change in his behaviour, soon became evident.

Frank had not firmness enough to reprove his companion, for what he knew was improper, or wicked; and he who is constantly exposed to evil example, and does not resist it in the fear of God, will be but too apt to follow it.

The first wrong step was to neglect his lessons, and waste his time. His room-mate taught him to laugh at the censures that followed, and to ridicule in secret, the teachers whom he should have loved. He induced him to read foolish and hurtful books, and there they were, making themselves merry, when their distant parents supposed they were diligently acquiring knowledge.

When Frank came home, at his vacations, his uncle exclaimed, "how improved! how manly!" He had indeed, grown very tall, and bid fair, to possess a fine, graceful form. But his parents scrutinized him more closely, and feared that every change, was not an improvement.

Simple pleasures no longer satisfied him. He desired in every thing for himself, a lavish expenditure. He ceased to ask pleasantly for what he needed, but said through his shut teeth, with a face partly turned away, "I want such, and such articles. All the other boys have them."

The mother was alarmed at the habits of reserve and concealment, which had grown over him. She had accustomed him to speak freely of all his concerns to her. Now, she felt that

she was shut out of his confidence, and that her influence over him for good, must of course decline.

She endeavoured by every means in her power, to re-instate herself in his affections. Still, he kept the veil close about him, and a son who shuns the confidence of kind parents, is either in a wrong course, or in danger of entering it. To any gentle remonstrance, on his change of manners, or conduct, he carelessly replied, "Why, other boys do so. My uncle says, I shall never be a man, till I do like other boys."

At his entrance into college, he was exposed to more temptations, and less and less inclined to repel them. Let no parent be easy about a son, who becomes a member of college, without industry, or principle. Good talents, and good temper are not sufficient to protect him; for the first grow inert without industry, and the sunshine of the latter is clouded by immoral courses, and the loss of self-approbation.

Frank's letters to his anxious parents, were but few, and far between. Those to his uncle, were more frequent, because on him he depended, for the supply of his purse. The uncle at first remarked, with a laugh, that "he spent money like a man." But in a year or two, it was supposed that he became tired of the very free expenses of his nephew, as he ceased to boast of this proof of manliness.

Frank, who took no pains to devote himself to his studies, was still desirous to be distinguished for something. So, he was fond of speaking of his "rich, old bachelor uncle," and of saying "without doubt, I shall have all his money." Expectations of wealth, and habits of extravagance, hastened his ruin.

In his third year at college, he came home, sick, and with no disposition to return to his studies. He spoke against the regulations of the Institution, and ridiculed the faculty. He said it was impossible for any one to gain a good education there, if they applied themselves ever so closely. In short, he blamed every body, but himself.

He had left college, in debt, and in disgrace. His uncle, who had great reason to be offended, told him, that he need no longer expect support from him, for unless his whole course of life was changed, he should select some more worthy relative to receive his bounty, and be the heir of his estate.

Frank's father took him to his own counting-house. But he disliked business, and had no habits of application. His red, and bloated face, told but too truly what other habits he had formed. And he was pointed at, as the ruined young man.

Long did the poor mother try to hide the bitter truth from her own heart. Often was she

ingenious in her palliations, to soften his offences to others, hoping he might yet retrieve his character. She watched for moments of reflection,—for glimpses of good feeling, to give force to her remonstrances and appeals.

But the father said to her, “it is in vain, that we disguise from ourselves, what is known to the whole community. Our son is a sot. I have tried with him, and for him, every means of reformation. But I have reason to think, that all is still in vain.”

We know how intemperance, breaks down grace of form, and destroys beauty of countenance,—how it debases man, who was made in the image of God, below the level of the brute creation, and sinks his aspiring and immortal soul, into an abyss of misery.

Thus it was with Frank Wilson. The pleasant chamber, where his happy infancy, and childhood, had dreamed away nights of innocence, and woke in the morning to health and joy, was now the scene of his frequent sicknesses, hoarse, senseless laughter, and fearful imprecations.

It is too painful to follow him through the excesses, that broke the hearts of his parents. But his career was short. The sins of his youth destroyed him. They laid down with him in the dust. There was no evidence that he repented, or sought the forgiveness of God.

His death-bed was horrible. None of those who loved him, could remain by it. With eyeballs starting from their sockets, he shrieked of hideous monsters and fiery shapes that surrounded him. His last struggle,—his last cry, was in wild but weak contention, with those frightful images, which a disordered imagination created.

Thus died, in the agonies of delirium tremens, Frank Wilson, the only son, and idol of his parents. His first false step, was not daring to say *no*, when he was tempted to evil. His next, was concealing from his parents and teachers, the faults which he had committed, and the dangers from which they might have saved him.

From these two seeds, want of moral courage, and want of confidence in his parents, what a sudden and fatal harvest sprang up,—indolence, extravagance,—contempt of authority,—intemperance,—early death. Let every boy dread the first advances of vice, for the descent is swift, like the swollen and headlong torrent, sweeping every landmark away.

GOOD MANNERS.

GOOD manners, ought to be assiduously cultivated by the young. They are indispensable to a correct education, and prove that its benefits have not been conferred in vain. They procure regard, and respect from others, and show a well-balanced character.

A rude, churlish deportment, marks a low, unfeeling mind. No wealth, or learning, or rank, will make amends for it. It is an offence to the Almighty, who in forming a wonderful body, and uniting it with a rational soul, demands some degree of respect for the work of his creation.

The young should never indulge themselves in careless manners, or coarse language to playmates, or domestics. Good-breeding extends equally to the most familiar associate, and to the poorest person. The feelings of those in inferior stations, should be regarded, as well as of those in the highest.

Good manners win, and preserve attachment. They should be observed in the family circle. They must be worn as daily apparel, not as a

suit for company. A truly polite boy, will rise and give a seat to his mother, or bring the hat and cane for his father, or pick up the handkerchief, and working materials of his sister, as readily and gracefully, as for a visitor or stranger.

"I do not like to walk arm in arm with my sister," said a child to his mother, "because the boys laugh at me." "If you allow yourself to be laughed out of what is proper, she replied, when you are a boy, you will be ridiculed out of your duties, and your principles, and your conscience, when you become a man."

It is a pity to make such a mistake, as to be ashamed of what is honourable. Boys may be assured that by affectionate attentions, and ready aid to their mother, their sisters, and other members of the household, and marked civility to all the female sex, they imitate the example of some of the wisest and best of men.

The smile,—the pleasant tone,—the kind expression,—the courteous bow, are among the lesser means of communicating happiness, which should not be neglected. It is not enough to mean well,—we should let the beauty of good feelings, and right affections, be visible to all.

Good manners require a person not to talk much of himself, except with relatives and particular friends, who desire him to do so, or unless business requires it. When inclined to obtrude

our own feelings or affairs upon others, we should recollect that their minds may be supposed to be equally occupied with their own.

The kindness of heart, on which good manners depend, will prevent making the faults of others, the chosen theme of conversation. It will be more pleasant to bring forward their merits, or cover their errors with tenderness, than in the words of a forcible writer, to "rake among the dead bones of the world, regardless of its living beauty."

Good-breeding is a happy medium, between diffidence and boldness. The diffidence which a boy often feels in the company of strangers, may be excused by the kind-hearted. Still, he should study remedies for it, as for an infirmity, until he is able to enter any room, without either forwardness, or embarrassment, and reply readily and respectfully, to any question that may be addressed to him.

Diffidence is considered a proof of a susceptible heart, and if thrown too hastily aside, may create danger of rushing into the other extreme, of bold or careless manners. Yet if too long indulged, it becomes painful to the possessor, and prevents him from doing justice to himself.

A diffident person, should turn his thoughts towards those, in whose company he is, with respect, and a desire to make them happy. Let him try to forget self, for selfishness has much to

do with diffidence, though we usually give it a more amiable name.

He who in the presence of others, is indifferent to them, and remembers only himself, will become vain ; and vanity and diffidence combined, make an obstinate disease. A just estimate of ourselves, and of our duties, will lead to propriety of deportment, to all with whom we associate.

Though perfect decorum, and the ease of finished manners, cannot always be expected from the young, because they rest both upon self-knowledge, and knowledge of mankind ; yet it should be the business of education, throughout the whole of its progress, to teach and to enforce them.

A well-bred boy, is immediately singled out, by an observing eye, from the group of his companions. His frank, and modest deportment gains confidence and regard. He looks up with a clear eye, when he speaks, or is spoken to, feeling that there is nothing to be ashamed of, but ignorance and vice.

Good manners give influence. This is so generally confessed, that bad men, study the arts of insinuation, to advance their own evil designs. History will show, how often usurpers and tyrants, have assumed fascinating manners, until their purposes were accomplished.

Sylla and Cataline, who deluged Rome with blood, knew how to deceive the people, with specious appearances. Absalom "stole the hearts of the men of Israel," when he sought to hurl his father from the throne.

Since Hypocrisy is so eager to obtain the beautiful garments of Virtue,—Virtue must be more careful to wear her own wardrobe, and not suffer the "children of this world to be wiser in their generation, than the children of light." The truly good, ought not to be neglectful of the influence that politeness will give them.

Courtesy of manners, was more regarded in former days, than in our own. They were conspicuous in the "gentlemen of the old school," or those who lived before our revolution. A few of these venerable men still remain, as our models. But how rapidly are they passing away. Let the rising generation, while they imitate their goodness, catch the mantle, in which it was arrayed.

Washington, and his compeers, were remarkable for a dignified politeness. Delicate attention and respect to the weaker sex, and chivalrous protection of the helpless, formed a part of their character, and added lustre to their greatness.

A gentleman, who was distinguished for true politeness, once had charge of an Institution for the Insane. It was observed that he easily ruled

the refractory, and even fascinated the brutal and obdurate. To an inquiry, what was the secret of this magic power, he replied, "in dealing with these unfortunate beings, I ever keep uppermost in my mind, that *"God is love."*

This was the perfection of good manners,—founded on love to the human race—a love, not baffled by the most intricate and perplexing duties,—not daunted by violence, not discouraged by stupidity, but patiently cementing the fragments of the broken mind, and changing even the fierce glance of the maniac, to confidence and gratitude.

"Be courteous," said an inspired apostle. "When ye enter into a house, salute it," was the command of our blessed Redeemer. We perceive that true politeness is allied to piety. It teaches to avoid giving causeless pain to the humblest being. It respects the feelings of all whom God has made.

Good manners owe a part of their power to the perception of beauty, which our Maker has implanted within us. Food for this perception, is scattered among the wild flowers by the wayside,—on the bosom of the blue stream,—in the waving forest,—and amid the vaulted sky :

"It warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,—
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees."

True politeness is moral beauty. We spontaneously yield it our love. Those who are devoid

of it, are able to admire it. It imparts happiness. It makes glad the heart of him who cherishes, and him who shares it. Let us strive to obtain it, for it is a form of benevolence, cheering to our fellow-creatures, and acceptable to our Father in Heaven.

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"Now, there are dangers in being rich, especially to children. Among these, are the dangers of growing up idle, and selfish, and proud. Perhaps, your Heavenly Father, who knows your heart better than you do, saw that you would not be able to withstand such temptations, and so protected you from them."

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TREES.

YOU have doubtless, often admired the budding and flowering trees, as they are decked by the beautiful spring, after the cold and nakedness of winter. You have seen how their verdure and shade, add charms to the landscape, or have walked through the forest, delighted with its loftiness and majesty.

Have you ever reflected on the goodness of the Creator, in forming such a variety of trees, and fitting them to different climates, and to the wants of man? Beneath the burning suns of India, how refreshing must be the shade of the lofty Banyan, striking down its drooping branches, until each takes root, and thus forming an arched grove, or a magnificent columnar temple.

The picturesque Palm,—the “Prince of the East,” as it has been sometimes called, furnishes the dates, which are an important article, both of food and commerce; while from the filaments of its rind and bark, ropes and sails for boats, are made; of its leaves, baskets are manufactured; the long rib of its branches is wrought

into javelins, and from its sap, a pleasant fermented liquor, is produced.

The lofty, India-Rubber tree, or Caoutchouc, may be discerned at a great distance, by its thick crown, and the vast circumference which its branches cover. When the gum, which has become necessary in such a variety of forms, to the civilized world, first flows from an incision made in the bark, it is of a fine white colour, and of the consistence of cream.

The Bread-Fruit tree, supplies not only food, but raiment, for the bark is manufactured into a kind of cloth. Captain Cook, in describing it, as he first found it at Otaheite, says, "if a man plant ten of these trees, he can not only procure bread enough for his household, but convert a surplus into money, and lay it up for his children; so abundantly do young trees spring from the roots of the old."

The Bread-Fruit, is about the size and shape of a child's head, covered with a thin skin, and with a core as large as the handle of a small knife. It is perfectly white, and when roasted over the coals, resembles in taste, new wheaten bread, and is a wholesome kind of food. The wood of the tree is used for building, and its broad leaves serve for towels, and table-cloths.

In South-America is a tree, which some travellers call the Milk-tree. It overflows with a nutritious liquor, resembling the milk of a cow,

and having a slight, balsamic flavour. The natives make use of it, with their cassava-bread, and are said to increase in flesh, by the diet.

The Tallow-tree, grows in China, on the banks of rivulets. The Chinese steep its seeds in water, and then subject them to the action of a press, from whence a thick oil drops, which soon hardens to the consistency of tallow. Candles made from this are very white, and firm, and burn without the least unpleasant odour.

The Soap-tree, produces fruit, of the size of a musket-ball, which answers all the purposes of soap, in cleansing linen, though it contains an acid, which sometimes hurts the texture of the finer fabrics.

The Talipot-tree of Ceylon, grows entirely strait, to the height of sixty or seventy feet, and then suddenly spreads forth an immense tuft of leaves, without boughs ; each leaf, bowing on its stem, in a graceful curve, and expanding like an enormous fan, large enough to cover ten or twelve men.

This vast, evergreen crown, surmounting so lofty and upright a shaft, is truly magnificent. When the tree has attained the age of half a century, there bursts from the centre of this crown, a cone, seventeen feet in height, from which issues a vast yellow flower, composed of numberless blossoms, so arranged on a giant stem and ornamented with tassels, as to tower

above the tuft of leaves, like a diadem : and the tree, after having perfected this glorious flower, dies.

In our own country, the Pitch-Pine, frequently grows fifty feet in height, before its branches shoot forth with their rich, dark verdure. When the season arrives for collecting its treasures, apertures are made in its bark, and boxes inserted, into which the turpentine flows. Such small portions of bark, as become saturated with the oozing turpentine, are piled in the shape of a mound, covered with earth, and set on fire, and the liquid tar, which always finds a ready market, runs into a reservoir, prepared for it.

The majestic Oak, strikes root deeply in the earth, and survives to a great age. That species of it, which is called the teak, is used much in ship-building, for its hard, enduring qualities, and grows both in Asia and Africa. The great tree in England, known by the name of the Boddington-Oak, was fifty-four feet in circumference, at the ground, and its trunk being hollow, formed a capacious room, whose floor, in one direction, measured sixteen feet.

Immensely large Chestnut trees, spring from the lava of Mount Etna, in Sicily. Five of these, grow closely side by side, like a clustered column, and are said by some travellers, to be actually united at the surface of the earth, where the circumference of the whole, is two hundred and

of it, are able to admire it. It imparts happiness. It makes glad the heart of him who cherishes, and him who shares it. Let us strive to obtain it, for it is a form of benevolence, cheering to our fellow-creatures, and acceptable to our Father in Heaven.

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YOU have doubtless, often admired the budding and flowering trees, as they are decked by the beautiful spring, after the cold and nakedness of winter. You have seen how their verdure and shade, add charms to the landscape, or have walked through the forest, delighted with its loftiness and majesty.

Have you ever reflected on the goodness of the Creator, in forming such a variety of trees, and fitting them to different climates, and to the wants of man? Beneath the burning suns of India, how refreshing must be the shade of the lofty Banyan, striking down its drooping branches, until each takes root, and thus forming an arched grove, or a magnificent columnar temple.

The picturesque Palm,—the “Prince of the East,” as it has been sometimes called, furnishes the dates, which are an important article, both of food and commerce; while from the filaments of its rind and bark, ropes and sails for boats, are made; of its leaves, baskets are manufactured; the long rib of its branches is wrought

into javelins, and from its sap, a pleasant fermented liquor, is produced.

The lofty, India-Rubber tree, or Caoutchouc, may be discerned at a great distance, by its thick crown, and the vast circumference which its branches cover. When the gum, which has become necessary in such a variety of forms, to the civilized world, first flows from an incision made in the bark, it is of a fine white colour, and of the consistence of cream.

The Bread-Fruit tree, supplies not only food, but raiment, for the bark is manufactured into a kind of cloth. Captain Cook, in describing it, as he first found it at Otaheite, says, "if a man plant ten of these trees, he can not only procure bread enough for his household, but convert a surplus into money, and lay it up for his children; so abundantly do young trees spring from the roots of the old."

The Bread-Fruit, is about the size and shape of a child's head, covered with a thin skin, and with a core as large as the handle of a small knife. It is perfectly white, and when roasted over the coals, resembles in taste, new wheaten bread, and is a wholesome kind of food. The wood of the tree is used for building, and its broad leaves serve for towels, and table-cloths.

In South-America is a tree, which some travellers call the Milk-tree. It overflows with a nutritious liquor, resembling the milk of a cow,

its founder, purchased it of the natives, and lived with them in amity. They gathered around him, with their dark, red brows, and gazing earnestly in his face, said, "You are our father. We love you."

When he purchased the land of them, he appeared unarmed, under the spreading branches of a lofty oak, and conferred with their chiefs. He paid them to their satisfaction, gave them gifts, and entered into articles of friendship with them and their descendants." "This is the only treaty which was confirmed without an oath," said an historian, "and the only one, that was never broken."

While these men of peace, were treating the sons of the forest as brethren, in other colonies, there were distressing wars. The settlers carried their guns to the corn-field, and laboured in fear for the safety of their households. The tomahawk and scalping-knife, were sometimes secretly raised, so that when they returned home, there were no wife or children there,—only dead bodies. A savage foe had chosen this terrible form of vengeance, for real or supposed wrongs.

If true glory belongs to those who do great good to mankind, is not the glory of the warrior, a false glory? History often surrounds her heroes with a fame, which Religion cannot covet. We would not say that wars of self-defence, are

sinful, like those of conquest. We remember with veneration, the men who achieved the independence of our country. But we ask, how may wars be prevented?

Might not nations often settle their differences, without an appeal to arms? Could not their variances sometimes be reconciled, by the mediation of another nation, as a good man makes peace between contending neighbours? Why should not one Christian ruler address another, as the patriarch Abraham did, his kinsman? "Let there be no strife, betwixt us, I pray thee; *for we are brethren.*"

If there have been always wars, from the beginning, is this any reason, why there should be, unto the end? Do not the Scriptures of Truth, foretell a happy period on earth, when there shall be war no more? The poet has well versified the cheering prediction:

"Then wars shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale,
Peace o'er the earth her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd righteousness from Heaven descend."

Since war proceeds from the unbridled passions, and restless ambition of men, and unkind and quarrelsome dispositions in children, are its seeds, then the remedy should be early applied to the heart, from whence they spring. For if the love of peace, was planted, and cherished carefully in the breast of every little child, would

there not grow up a generation, who would help to banish war from the earth ?

Avoid contention with your companions. Use no offensive words, and when you see others disagree, strive to reconcile them. Repress every revengeful feeling. If any one has injured you, do not injure them. Try to set them a better example. If any speak unfavourably of you, it is well to do them some good office. Perhaps you can lend them an interesting, instructive book, whose perusal would lead them to kinder dispositions.

To render evil for evil, would make perpetual discord in society. Try therefore, to be gentle and patient to those who seem to dislike you. It may often proceed from some trifle, which your pleasant manners may reconcile. And it is a pity, to lose for any trifle, the benefits of friendly intercourse.

When in company with your associates, do not insist always, on having your own way. If you are in the habit of cheerfully consulting their wishes, they will seek your society, and enjoy it. Thus you will acquire influence over them; and this influence should be exerted for their good.

You know that he who does good to another, uniformly, and from a right principle, promotes his own happiness. It is indeed, easy to love those, who love us, but to be kind to those, who

are unkind to us, is not as easy, though it is a nobler virtue.

“Do not suffer yourself to hate even your enemies, said Plutarch, for in doing so, you contract a vicious habit of mind, which will by degrees break out, even upon your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.” This is the advice of a heathen philosopher. But more definite and sublime, are the words of our Redeemer, “Love your enemies, that ye may be the children of your Father in Heaven, who doeth good unto the evil and unthankful.”

By preserving peaceful dispositions, and persuading those who are at variance, to be reconciled, you will be serene and happy. You will be pursuing an education which will fit you for the society of angels. Have we not read of a country, where there is no war?—where peace and love reign in the bosom of all its inhabitants?

That country is Heaven. We hope to dwell there, when we die. We would strive to cultivate its spirit, while on earth. How else can we be permitted to remain there? The scorpion cannot abide in the nest of the turtle-dove, or the leopard slumber in the lamb's fold. Neither can the haters of peace, find a home in those blissful regions.

That holy Book, which is the rule of our conduct,—the basis of our hope, has promised no

reward to those, who delight to shed blood. But our Saviour, when his dwelling was in tents of clay,—when he taught the listening multitude what they must do, to inherit eternal life, said, “Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.”

JOHN AND JAMES WILLIAMS.

JOHN AND JAMES WILLIAMS, were the sons of a New-England farmer. In summer, they took an active part in his labours, and during the winters attended to their school-education. They both were fond of books, but their tastes and dispositions were different.

One cold evening in winter, they were sitting beside a bright fire of wood. Their lamp cast a cheerful ray over the snow-covered landscape. Several books lay on the table, from which they had been studying their lessons for the following day.

"John," said the youngest, who was about thirteen years old, "John, I mean to be a soldier. I have lately been reading the life of Alexander, of Macedon, and a good deal about Buonaparte. I think there is nothing in this world, like the glory of the warrior."

"It does not strike me so, James. To destroy life, and to cause mourning in such a multitude of families, and to bring so much poverty and misery into the world, seems to me, more cruel than glorious."

“ But John, to be so praised and honoured,— to have hosts of soldiers under your command, and to have the pages of history filled with the fame of your victories, how can you be blind, to such glory as that ?”

“ Brother, the minister said last Sunday, that the *end of life, was the test of its goodness*. Now Alexander, the Great, got intoxicated, and died like a madman ; and Buonaparte was shut up to pine away on a desolate island, as if he was a wild beast, chained in a cage.”

“ John, your ideas are very limited. I am sorry to see, that you are not capable of admiring heroes. You are just fit to be a farmer. I dare say that to break a pair of steers, is your highest ambition, and to spend your days in ploughing and reaping, is all the glory that you would covet.”

Their father's voice was now heard, calling, “ Boys, go to bed.” Thus ended their conversation, for that night. These brothers loved each other, and seldom disagreed on any subject, except when trying to settle the point, in what the true glory of the warrior consisted.

Fifteen years glided away, and the season of winter again returned. From the same window, a bright lamp gleamed, and on the same hearth glowed a cheerful fire. The farm-house seemed unaltered, but among its inmates, there had been changes.

The parents, who had then retired to rest, were now mouldering in the grave. They were good and pious, and among the little circle of their native village, their memory was still held in sweet remembrance.

In the corner, which they used to occupy, their eldest son, and his wife, were seated. A babe lay in the cradle, and two other little ones, breathed quietly from their trundle-bed, in the sweet sleep of childhood. A strong blast, with snow, shook the casement.

"I always think, said John Williams, about my poor brother, in stormy nights, especially in winter. So many years have past, since we have heard from him, and his way of life is so full of danger, that I fear he must be numbered with the dead."

"Husband, did I hear a faint knock? or was it the wind among the trees?" said his wife. The farmer opened the door, and a traveller entered, leaning heavily on a crutch. His garments were old and thin, and his countenance haggard.

He sank into a chair, and gazed earnestly around, on every article of furniture, as on some recollected friend. Then, extending a withered hand, he uttered in a tone scarcely audible, "brother! brother!"

That word, opened the tender memories of *other years*. They hastened to welcome.

wanderer, and to mingle their tears with his. "Sister, brother, I have come home to you, *to die*." They found him too much exhausted to converse, and after giving him comfortable food, induced him to retire to rest.

The next morning, he was unable to rise. They sat by his bedside, and soothed his worn heart with kindness, and told him the simple narrative of the changes in the neighbourhood, and what had befallen them, in their quiet abode.

"I have had many troubles, said he, but none have bowed me down, like the sin of leaving home, to be a soldier, without the knowledge of my parents, and against their will. I have felt the pain of wounds, but there is nothing like the sting of conscience.

"I have endured hunger, and thirst, and imprisonment, and the misery of sickness in an enemy's land ; and then the image of my home, and my disobedience, and ingratitude, were with me when I lay down, and when I rose up, and when I lay sleepless in the neglected hospitals.

"In broken visions, I would see my dear mother, bending tenderly over me, as she used to do, when I had only a head-ache, and my father with the great Bible in his hand, reading as he used to do, before prayer ; but when I cried out in agony, 'I am no more worthy to

be called thy son,' I awoke, and it was all a dream."

His brother assured him of the perfect forgiveness of his parents, and that duly, at morn, and eve, he was borne upon their supplications, at the family-altar, as the son erring, yet beloved. "Ah, yes, and those prayers followed me. But for them I should have been a reprobate, forsaken both of God and man."

As strength permitted, he told them the story of his wanderings. He had been in battles, on land and sea. He had heard the deep ocean echo to the cannon's thunder, and seen earth, drink the red shower from the bosoms of her slaughtered sons.

He had stood in the martial lists of Europe, and hazarded his life for a foreign power, and had pursued in his own land, the hunted Indian, flying at midnight, from the flames of his own hut. He had ventured with the bravest, into the deepest danger, seeking every where, for the glory which had dazzled his boyhood, but in vain.

He found that it was the lot of the soldier, to endure hardship, that others might reap the fame. He saw what fractures, and mutilations, what misery, and mourning, and death, were necessary to purchase the name of victory. He felt how light was even the renown of the *conqueror*, compared with the good that he

forfeits, and the sorrow that he inflicts to obtain it.

"Sometimes, he said, just before rushing into battle, I felt a shuddering and inexpressible horror, at the thought of butchering my fellow-creatures. But in the heat of contest, all such sympathies vanished, and madness and desperation possessed me, so that I cared neither for this life, or the next.

"I have been left wounded on the field, unable to move from among the feet of trampling horses, my open gashes stiffening in the chilly night-air, and death staring me in the face, while no man cared for my soul. Yet I will not distress your kind hearts, by describing my varieties of pain."

"You, who have always lived amid the influences of mercy,—who shrink to give unnecessary suffering, even to an animal, cannot realize what hardness of heart, comes with the life of a soldier, familiar as he must be with groans, and violence, and cruelty.

"His moral and religious feelings, are in still greater danger. Oaths, imprecations, and contempt of sacred things, are strongly mingled with the elements of his trade. The sweet and holy influences of the Sabbath, and the precepts of the Gospel, impressed upon his childhood, are too often swept away."

"Yet though I exerted myself to appear bold and courageous, and even hardened, my heart

reproached me. Oh, that it might be purified by repentance, and at peace with God, before I am summoned to the dread bar of judgment, to answer for my deeds of blood."

His friends flattered themselves, that by medical skill, and careful nursing, he might be restored to health. But he answered, "it can never be. My vital energies are wasted. Even now, Death standeth at my right hand."

"When I entered this peaceful valley, my swollen limbs tottered, and began to fail. Then I prayed to the Almighty, whom I had so often forgotten, "Oh, give me strength but a little longer, that I may reach the home where I was born, and die there, and be buried by my father and my mother."

The sick and penitent soldier, sought earnestly for the hope of salvation. He felt that a great change was needed in his soul, ere it could be fitted for the holy employments of a realm of purity and peace. He prayed, and wept, and studied the Scriptures, and listened to the counsel of pious men.

"Brother, dear brother, he would say, you have obeyed the precepts of our parents. You have chosen the paths of peace. You have been merciful, even to the inferior creatures. You have shorn the fleece, but not wantonly destroyed the lamb. You have taken the honey, and spared the labouring bee.

"But I have destroyed man, and his habitation,—the hive, and the honey,—the fleece, and the flock. I have defaced the image of God, and crushed out that breath which I can never restore. You know not, how bitter is the warfare of my soul, with the "prince of the power of the air, the spirit that ruleth in the children of disobedience."

As his last hour approached, he laid his cold hand, on the head of his brother's eldest child, who had been named for him, and said faintly, "Little James, obey your parents, and never be a soldier. Sister, brother, you have been angels of mercy to me. The blessing of God, be upon you, and your household."

The venerable minister who had instructed his childhood, and laid his parents in the grave, had daily visited him in his sickness, and stood by his side, as he went down into the valley of the shadow of death. "My son, look unto the Lamb of God." "Yes, father, there is a fullness in Him, for the chief of sinners."

The aged man lifted up his fervent prayer for the departing soul. He commended it to the boundless compassions of Him who receiveth the penitent, and besought for it, a gentle passage to that world, where there is no more sin, neither sorrow, nor crying.

He ceased. The eyes of the dying were closed. There was no more heaving of the

breast, or gasping. They thought the breath had quitted the clay. They spoke of him as having passed where all tears are wiped from the eyes forever.

But again there was a faint sigh. The white lips slowly moved. His brother, bending over him, caught the last, low whisper, "Jesus ! Saviour ! take a repentant sinner unto thee."

PRIVILEGES OF THE POOR.

Do I hear any of you say, "I wonder what is meant by the *privileges of the poor*? The rich, have indeed, many advantages, and much honour. But as for the poor, I always thought they were to be pitied."

Now, I assure you, that the poor have privileges, peculiar to themselves, and such as the rich cannot easily share. They are also of such an enduring nature, that it will be found difficult to take them away. Let us examine what they are.

Perhaps you have seen the son of a rich man, expensively dressed, and riding in a splendid carriage. You have said to yourself, *how happy he is!* He may be, or may not be. That depends on the state of matters within. If his heart is not right, external pomp weighs light, in the balance of happiness.

One of the privileges of the poor, is the industry, they are compelled to practise. This, not only protects from many vices, but promotes health, and self-approbation. Indolence, is a

perpetual weariness of spirit,—a perpetual disobedience to the will of our Creator. Surely, the rich are more in danger of it, and of the evils that it brings.

One of the advantages of restricted finances, is a constant impulse to exertion. There is sometimes in the young mind, a disposition to inertness, which suffers its capacities to slumber, or to rust. Nothing overcomes this, so perfectly, as the necessity of making efforts.

Have you seen a water-wheel, standing idly in the sun, when the stream was dry? But the clouds descended, and the swift torrent rushed upon it, and it turned briskly, doing its maker's will. What the stream is, to the water-wheel, is the prompting of necessity, to the mind.

Admitting that the young assume a high standard of excellence, the feeling that they can derive no aid from wealth, but must depend entirely on themselves, acts as a continual stimulant :

*"It is the spur, which the clear spirit doth raise,
To shun delights, and live laborious days."*

If their object is to attain an education, and they are obliged to be partially occupied in those toils by which subsistence is gained, will they not value more highly, every fragment of time, than those whose leisure is uninterrupted? A sense of the value of time, is one of the first steps in improvement and wisdom.

Another privilege, is the habit of overcoming obstacles. Strength of mind, and moral energy, are thus acquired. Those who lead lives of indulgence, have not the opportunity of acquiring that perseverance which is daunted by no difficulty, and without which, genius avails little.

If distinction is gained, by those who rise from obscure stations, it is rendered more illustrious by the contrast. The fame of Dr. Franklin, is heightened by the circumstance, that he was a printer's boy, and the son of a chandler; and that of Bentley, the celebrated English scholar, by the fact, that he was the son of a blacksmith.

Winckelman, a distinguished writer on classical antiquities, and the fine arts, was the son of a shoemaker. He supported himself while at college, chiefly by teaching younger students, and at the same time, aided in maintaining his poor, sickly father.

Bloomfield, the poet, was the son of a tailor, and an apprentice to a shoemaker. He was busily employed at his trade, while composing the "Farmer's Boy," and being often destitute of paper, retained great numbers of his lines in memory, until he could obtain materials, and time for writing.

The celebrated Metastasio, was the son of a poor mechanic. The father of Opie, a distinguished portrait-painter, was a carpenter; and he, himself, was raised from the bottom of a

saw-pit, where he laboured as a wood-cutter, to the professorship of painting, in the Royal Academy, at London.

The learned Dr. Prideaux, bishop of Worcester, obtained his education, by walking on foot, to Oxford, and getting employment, at first, as assistant, in the kitchen of Exeter College.

Inigo Jones, the great architect, was the son of a cloth-manufacturer, and it was intended that he should be a mechanic. Sir Edmund Saunders, Chief Justice, in the reign of Charles the Second, was an errand-boy.

Dr. Isaac Milnor, who filled the chair as Professor of Mathematics, at Cambridge, which Sir Isaac Newton occupied, was once a weaver ; as was also, his brother, the author of the well-known Church History.

Haydn, the celebrated musical composer, was the son of a wheel-wright, who officiated also as sexton ; and his mother, was a servant in the family of a neighbouring nobleman.

Dr. White, professor of Arabic, in the university of Oxford, England, was originally, a weaver : and James Ferguson, the celebrated writer on Astronomy, was the son of a day-labourer.

Having discovered, when quite a child, some important truths in mechanics, he went on, to illustrate them, without teacher or book, and with no other tools, than a little knife, and a simple turning-lathe.

While in the employment of a farmer, he improved every slight interval of leisure, in constructing models, during the day, and studying the stars at night. He was elected a member of the Royal Society, and king George, the third, after hearing his lectures, settled on him an annual pension ; while his writings still continue the admiration of men of science.

Those, who have risen from humble stations, often recur with satisfaction, to the steps through which they have been led, on their upward way. It was pleasing to the wise Emperor Aurelian, to have it known that he was the son of a peasant ; and Dioclesian felt that the splendour of his sway in Rome, was heightened by his obscure birth, of Dalmatia.

The history of our own country, is brilliant with self-made men. The sons of farmers, and mechanics, stand in the high places of our land. Their early training in habits of industry, perseverance, and the conquest of obstacles, doubtless strengthened both their physical and intellectual energies, and prepared them to become illustrious.

So obvious are the advantages of restricted finances, as a motive of action, that rich men have sometimes wished to conceal from their children, during the period of their education, the knowledge of that wealth, they were expected to inherit.

There was once a parent, who endeavoured to persuade his son, that his possessions were small, hoping he might thus be stimulated to industry. He constantly said, "you must work,—you must be saving,—you cannot depend on me to enrich you."

For a time, this plan had some effect. But like most other schemes of deception, it was unfortunate. The boy, at length discovered, that his father had houses, and lands, and money, and was informed by talkative companions, that he would be his heir.

It was most painful to him, to distrust the rectitude of his father. Henceforth, he had no confidence in his word. He became discontented and gloomy; and fell short of the advantages of both wealth and poverty.

It would have been safer and more honourable, to have told him the truth, and guarded him against the dangers of wealth, by a right education. And now, have I succeeded in convincing you, that there are privileges, which belong to the poor, and to the sons of the poor?

If they succeed in gaining knowledge, and we see that they often do, it would seem that they might be excellent teachers. Remembering the difficulties through which they had themselves passed, they would naturally be skilful and patient guides, and qualified to impart somewhat

of the perseverance, and moral energy, by which they have themselves profited.

If they attain distinguished stations, their sympathies ought to be more active, and overflowing than those of other men. They know how to enter into the feelings of the humbler classes of society, and are better qualified to take part in their burdens, and to elevate their character.

If they obtain wealth, they know how to use it, in the relief of suffering. It is difficult for a man, nurtured in affluence, who has never felt the want of a garment, or a meal, or a shelter, to appreciate their value, or correctly to feel the necessities of those, who ask his charity.

He who has been led, by a rough road, to a state of competence, can better appreciate the force and beauty, of that inspired description of a compassionate Redeemer, who "though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty might be made rich."

We have been led to search and consider the privileges of the poor, because, being less apparent, than those of the rich, they are prone to be overlooked. But we would not deny, that wealth, when under the guidance of virtue, benevolence, and piety, is a great blessing, and a powerful instrument in their cause.

It is only, when divided from them, or disposed to become their master, that it is to be depreca-

ted as a danger. It is only, when forgetful of the good of others, that it ceases to advance the true happiness of its possessor.

Hoarded up, what is wealth? A reproach to a rational being. A chain, binding the mind to low worldliness. A weight to the soul, when it separates from the clay, and goes to give account to God, in the day of judgment.

THE GREY COTTAGE.

THERE was a labouring man, who built a cottage for himself and wife. A dark grey rock overhung it, and helped to keep it from the winds.

When the cottage was finished, he thought he would paint it grey, like the rock. And so exactly did he get the same shade of colour, that it looked almost as if the little dwelling sprang from the bosom of the rock that sheltered it.

After a while the cottager became able to purchase a cow. In the summer, she picked up most of her own living very well. But in the winter, she needed to be fed and kept from the cold.

So he built a barn for her. It was so small, that it looked more like a shed than a barn. But it was quite warm and comfortable.

When it was done, a neighbour came in, and said, "what colour will you paint your barn?" "I had not thought about that," said the cottager." "Then I advise you, by all means, to paint it black ; and here is a pot of black paint, which I have brought on purpose to give you."

Soon another neighbour, coming in, praised his neat shed, and expressed a wish to help him a little about his building. "White, is by far the most genteel colour," he added, "and here is a pot of white paint, of which I make you a present."

While he was in doubt, which of the gifts to use, the oldest and wisest man in the village came to visit him. His hair was entirely white, and every body loved him, for he was good as well as wise.

When the cottager had told him the story of the pots of paint, the old man said "he who gave you the black paint, is one who dislikes you, and wishes you to do a foolish thing. He who gave you the white paint, is a partial friend and desires you to make more show than is wise.

"Neither of their opinions should you follow. If the shed is either black or white, it will disagree with the colour of your house. Moreover, the black paint will draw the sun, and cause the edges of your boards to curl and split, and the white will look well for a little while, and then become soiled, and need painting anew.

"Now take my advice, and mix the black and white together." So the cottager poured one pot into the other, and mixed them up with his brushes, and it made the very grey colour, which he liked and had used before, upon his house.

He had in one corner of his small piece of ground, a hop-vine. He carefully gathered the ripened hops, and his wife made beer of them, which refreshed him when he was warm and weary.

It had always twined around two poles, which he had fastened to the earth, to give it support. But the cottager was fond of building, and he made a little arbour for it to run upon, and cluster about.

He painted the arbour grey. So the rock, and the cottage, and the shed, and the arbour, were all of the same grey colour. And every thing around looked neat and comfortable, though it was small and poor.

When the cottager and his wife grew old, they were sitting together, in their arbour, at the sunset of a summer's day. A stranger who seemed to be looking at the country, stopped and inquired, how every thing around that small habitation happened to be the same shade of grey.

"It is very well it is so," said the cottager, "for my wife and I, you see, are grey also. And we have lived so long, that the world itself looks old and grey to us now."

Then he told him the story of the black and white paint, and how the advice of an aged man prevented him from making his little estate ridiculous when he was young.

"I have thought of this circumstance, so often, that it has given me instruction. He who gave me the black paint, proved to be an enemy ; and he who urged me to use the white, was a friend. The advice of neither was good.

"Those who love us too well, are blind to our faults, and those who dislike us, are not willing to see our virtues. One would make us all white ; the other all black. But neither of them are right. For we are of a mixed nature, good and evil, like the grey paint, made of opposite qualities.

"If then, neither the counsel of our foes, nor of our partial friends, is safe to be taken, we should cultivate a correct judgment, which like the grey paint, mixing both together, may avoid the evil and secure the good."

THE LAW.

THE ancient Jews used to call their sons, when they attained the age of five years, "*sons of the law*." At thirteen, the Roman boys, who were trained in habits of strict obedience, by the mother, passed under the sterner discipline of the father, to be prepared for the duties of a citizen.

Parental authority, thus carefully enforced, on children, led them when they became men, to submit peacefully, to the law of the land. Have you ever considered what a blessing it is, to be governed by just laws? Without them, there is no protection, either to property, or to life.

Look at the countries which are ruled by a despot. Think of the people, who of old built the pyramids, or of those who still labour on the canals, and public works of Egypt, driven from their homes,—subjected to unpitied toil, with scarce a stipend sufficient to support existence: yet to whom could they appeal? since he who caused their misery, would be their judge.

The Greeks, when under the Turkish yoke, strove to conceal the little pittance they had

earned, or the slender harvest of their vine and olive, lest it should excite the avarice of their oppressors, and the bread be snatched from their starving households. You will recollect the Turks themselves are liable to the bastinado, the bow-string, or the scimitar, at the will of a tyrant.

Even our own ancestors, the people of England, were subject to many encroachments and wrongs, before Magna-Charta, the foundation of their liberty, was obtained from King John, somewhat more than six hundred years ago ; which guards every individual, in the enjoyment of his property, and life, unless either or both, should be declared forfeit, by the laws of the land.

How thankful should we be, that the happiness of our nation, is protected by those just and equal laws, without which, there is no true liberty. These should be obeyed, and the magistrates who administer them, respected. In order to become a good citizen, principles of submission to just authority, should be carried through the whole of education.

Sometimes, boys imagine, that to appear to be their own masters, is manly, and to speak lightly of their superiors, gives them consequence. They are mistaken. Insubordination shows either an erring judgment, or a wayward heart. History will show, that the greatest and

best men, were obedient in their childhood. Reverence for those in authority, is always beautiful in youth.

A good scholar will be dutiful to his teachers. He will learn the rules of the school, and keep them. He will never repay those who labour for his instruction, by subverting their regulations. By his orderly, dignified deportment, and his care to keep the law of knowledge, he proves that he will become a worthy citizen, perhaps, a wise magistrate.

The virtues of a good member of the community, have their root in family-order, and filial duty. The first law laid upon every child, is obedience to his parents. Love, submission, and respect, are their due. If he is unfaithful in these earliest, simplest requisitions, will he not fearfully fail amid the more complex and difficult duties of life?

Is it possible that any of you, can deem of slight importance, your conduct to your parents? Strangers and travellers in an unexplored country, will you disobey your guides? Untaught by experience, will you rush into temptation, and disregard the voice of your counsellors? Subject to sorrow and affliction, will you be indifferent to your comforters,—ungrateful to the guardians of your helpless infancy?

Beware of the vanity which whispers, you are competent to direct yourselves. Beware of the

unimpressible temper which despises parental admonition, and of the obstinacy that breaks through its restraints. Nor yet be satisfied with the passive part of your duty, for you are bound to do all in your power to promote the happiness of your parents.

Reflect on their cares and anxieties,—their watchings and labours for you; how they have had patience with your ignorance, and loved you amid all your faults, with a changeless love. Can you ever receive favours like these, from any other created being?

Next to your Father in Heaven, love and obey your parents. Conform your wishes to theirs. By your smiling brow, and respectful manners, show them that you find happiness in the exercise of filial affections. For if you carelessly afflict those, whom you can never fully repay, Hope must sigh over the fading promise of your future years.

When our Saviour, at the age of twelve, reasoned with the Jewish doctors, who boasted of their learning, and skill in argument, he was subject to the commands of his mother, even while she, astonished at his wisdom, "kept all his sayings, and pondered them in her heart."

Amid the lightnings that wrapped Mount Sinai, in robes of flame, and the thunders that shook it to its base, when the people were afraid to come

near, and even Moses, the man of God, trembled, the voice of the Eternal, giving the Law, in terror and in majesty, was heard to proclaim "Honour thy father and thy mother."

Still, He, who "in wrath ever delights to remember mercy, paused with unspeakable condescension, to add the cheering promise, "that thy days may be long upon the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

Let these words of the Almighty, encourage to perseverance, those who keep reverently the law of their parents, and arrest those who "know the right, and yet the wrong pursue." But whoever, in this respect, stifles the voice of conscience, should remember, that at last, a course of disobedience, will be found to "bite as the serpent, and sting as the adder."

While we insist on filial duty, as not only binding in itself, but the foundation of other virtues, we feel that not the young alone, are "under tutors and governors." We all owe the obedience of children, to the Former of our bodies,—the Father of our spirits. The wisest, and the mightiest to whom he has given his Holy Word, are bound to be governed by it.

He has placed us in this world, as in a great school. We are all pupils. The Divine Law, is our schoolmaster. It takes cognizance of thoughts, words, and actions. Death announces when our school is over. But he does so, only

when our eye is dim, to the light of these lower skies. Then may we find that God's law has been so kept in our heart, that we may receive "the adoption of sons," and dwell with him forever.

THE FARMER.

ONE of the most desirable occupations, is that of the farmer. How pleasant to be abroad among the works of nature,—to study the adaptation of soil to production,—to prepare the earth for its future crop,—to sow the seed,—to gather in the harvest.

It is delightful to see the farmer, separating from their lofty stalks, the golden sheaves of corn, or burying his bright scythe, among the dewy, fragrant grass, or hastening with his sickle, to reap the ripened grain. His faithful dog, guards the garment which he throws off, and ere the noon-day heat, seated under a shady tree, he opens his basket of refreshments, and finds them sweetened by toil.

How conducive is this kind of industry, to health and energy of constitution. Compare the strong frame, and firm muscle of the hardy farmer, with the slender forms, and pallid faces of the throngs who labour in our crowded manufactories, breathing a close atmosphere, and debarred from cheering exercise, among rural objects.

Cheerfulness and innocence are connected with the life of a farmer. Large cities, abound with countless temptations, to extravagance and vice. Vagrant and idle people gather there, desiring to be rich without labour, and thus opening the door to crimes, which in an agricultural community, are unknown.

The farmer is the most truly independent man. Let the gains of trade fluctuate as they may, and the glittering hopes of speculation break, like bubbles in the sun, his subsistence is secure. In the furrows of his plough, bread springs up. His young cattle grow, while he sleeps.

His snowy flocks,—his green fields of flax, contain the elements of his clothing. His wife and daughters sing, while their busy wheels prepare it. They transmute the milk of his herds, into comforts for his table, while with equal industry, his bees explore the flowery meadows, to bring home honey to his hive.

His children, so far from being a burden, add to his wealth. They willingly put their hands to such labours, as their strength admits of, and their ruddy cheeks show their healthful contentment. The playful lambs, and the young of the domestic fowls, are objects of their care, and they find their happiness in safe and simple pleasures.

The winter-evenings are a delightful season, in the family of an intelligent farmer. He has then a respite from more laborious occupation,

and loves to read instructive books, to the group around his fireside, while the needle, the knitting-needles, the quiet hum of the flax-wheel, or the rocking cradle of the babe, are no disturbance to the listening mind.

Sometimes, the aged parents of the farmer, may be seen with their hoary hairs, seated in the warmest corner, and breathing a silent blessing on their descendants. Fruit and nuts from his own trees, vary the evening-banquet, and last of all, from the family altar, the prayer of pious gratitude goes up, to the Lord of the harvest.

From such households, have come forth, some of the most illustrious men, who have adorned the history of our country. Wise rulers, eloquent orators,—ornaments of the learned professions, have been thus nurtured. They have acknowledged that the industry,—the simplicity,—the subordination of their early years, were the seeds of their greatness.

The cultivation of land, forms a delightful recreation, for the man of fortune, and of accomplished mind. It is connected with the sciences, with intellectual and philosophical research. The gentlemen-farmers of England, are among the best educated men of the realm.

Agriculture as a profession, is dignified, and deserving of respect. Our farmers, are our true nobility. Let them be careful to enrich their minds with liberal knowledge,—to teach their

children not to be ashamed of honest industry, and to "hold fast their integrity," for their country's sake.

The expanse of land in our territory, is so great, that the young should be encouraged to engage in its cultivation. We, ought not to import from other countries, those articles of subsistence, which might better be raised at home.

Why should wheat, hay, eggs, and similar articles, be brought us from European countries, of narrow bound, and heavy population, and our own rich vales and broad prairies, lie waste and uncultivated? "We do not think much of a country that imports its bread," said some wealthy and judicious foreigners, when urged to invest their funds, in our alluring speculations.

Agriculture should be fostered by public opinion. It has been the choice of some of the wisest, most distinguished men. "Let me go home, to plough and plant my few acres," said Cincinnatus, breaking away from all the allurements of power and splendour, with which the Roman people surrounded him.

So, our own Washington retired from the highest honours that a grateful country could bestow, to the cultivation of his farm, and the tranquil shades of Mount Vernon. It was he who admonished the people to give honour to men, who with their hands maintained their fam-

ilies, and brought up children inured to honest industry.

His knowledge of history, as well as his observation of mankind, taught him, that nations which despise the simple pursuits of agriculture, and rush onward to sudden wealth and luxury, degenerate and decline.

The peaceful occupation of the farmer, was praised by Socrates. "Agriculture, said he, is an employment the most worthy the attention of man,—the most ancient, and the most suitable to his nature. It is the common nurse of all persons, of every condition in life,—the source of health, strength, plenty, and riches, and of a thousand sober delights, and honest pleasures."

The true prosperity of a nation, is not so much in the possessions, or the number of its subjects, as in their habits and character. Republics ought therefore to strive to give dignity to agriculture, since more than any other form of government, their existence depends on the virtue and intelligence of the people.

It has been well said, that our country may be compared to an oak, and agriculture to the roots which provide food and the elements of wealth ; manufactures, to the leaves which elaborate and convert to useful purposes, what the roots furnish ; and commerce, to the branches, or channel of intercourse, between the roots and leaves.

“ Without the branches, both roots and leaves would be deprived of their reciprocal aids. Without the leaves, growth must cease. Without the root, leaves, branches, and trunk must perish. Let us, therefore, cherish and protect all; but especially, let us nurture the root, as the primary source of life and growth, vigour and utility.”

A statesman and philosopher of our land, has asserted, that “ God made the breast of those who labour in the earth, his peculiar deposit for substantial virtues. Corruption of morals, in a mass of cultivators, is a phenomena of which no age or nation, has furnished an example.

“ This is the mark set on those, who not looking up to Heaven, for its blessing on their own soil and industry, as does the husbandman, depend for it on the casualties and caprices of customers. For the proportion which the aggregate of other classes of citizens bears in any state to that of its husbandmen, is the proportion of its unsound to its healthy parts.”

These are strong words. But we will always respect farmers. We consider their occupation, not only healthful in itself, but for the health of our country. And should she ever be in trouble, we believe that there will come forth from her quiet farm-houses, strength to defend her liberties, and virtue to preserve them.

THE INDIAN KING.

AMONG the early settlers of these United States, were some pious people, called Huguenots, who fled from the persecutions in France, under Louis the fourteenth. It has been said, that wherever the elements of their character, mingled with this New World, the infusion was salutary.

Industry, patience, sweet social affections, and piety, firm but not austere, were the distinctive features of this interesting race. A considerable number of them, chose their abode in a part of the State of Massachusetts, about the year 1686, and commenced the labours inseparable from the formation of a new colony.

In their vicinity, was a powerful tribe of Indians, whom they strove to conciliate. They extended to them the simple rites of hospitality, and their kind and gentle manners, wrought happily upon the proud, yet susceptible nature of the aborigines.

But their settlement had not long assumed the marks of regularity and beauty, ere they observ-

ed in their savage neighbours, a reserved deportment. This increased, until the son of the forest, utterly avoided the dwellings of the new comers, where he had been pleased to accept a shelter for the night, or a covert from the storm.

Occasionally, some lingering one, might be seen, near the cultivated grounds, regarding the more skilful agriculture of the white inhabitants, with a dejected and lowering brow. It was rumoured that these symptoms of disaffection arose from the influence of an aged chief, whom they considered a prophet, who denounced the "pale intruders;" and they grieved that they should not have been more successful in conciliating their red brethren.

Three years had elapsed since the establishment of their little colony. Autumn was now advancing towards its close, and copse and forest exhibited those varied and opposing hues, which clothe in beauty and brilliance, the foliage of New England. The harvest was gathered in, and every family made preparation for the approach of winter.

Here and there, groups of children might be seen, bearing homeward, baskets of nuts, which they had gathered in thicket, or forest. It was pleasant to hear their joyous voices, and see their ruddy faces, like bright flowers, amid wilds so lately tenanted by the prowling wolf, the fierce panther, and the sable bear.

In one of these nut-gatherings, a little boy and girl, of eight and four years old, the only children of a settler, whose wife had died on the voyage hither, accidentally separated from their companions. They had discovered on their way home, profuse clusters of the purple frost-grape, and entering a rocky recess to gain the new treasure, did not perceive that the last rays of the setting sun were fading away.

Suddenly, they were seized by two Indians. The boy struggled violently, and his little sister cried to him for protection, in vain. The long strides of their captors, soon bore them far beyond the bounds of the settlement. Night was far advanced, ere they halted. Then they kindled a fire, and offered the children some food.

The heart of the boy swelled high with grief and anger, and he refused to partake. But the poor little girl took some parched corn from the hand of the Indian, who held her on his knee. He smiled, as he saw her eat the kernels, and look up in his face, with a wondering, yet reproachless eye. Then they lay down to sleep in the dark forest, each with an arm over his captive.

Great was the alarm in the colony, when these children returned not. Every spot was searched, where it was thought possible they might have lost their way. But when at length, their little baskets were found, overturned in a tangled

thicket, one terrible conclusion burst upon every mind, that they must have been captured by Indians.

It was decided, that ere any warlike measures were adopted, the father should go peacefully to the Indian king, and demand his children. At the earliest dawn of morning, he departed with his companions. They met a friendly Indian, pursuing the chase, who had occasionally shared their hospitality, and consented to be their guide.

They travelled through rude paths, until the day drew near a close. Then, approaching a circle of native dwellings, in the midst of which was a tent, they saw a man of lofty form, with a coronet of feathers upon his brow, and surrounded by warriors. The guide saluted him as his monarch, and the bereaved father, bowing down, addressed him.

“King of the red men, thou seest a father in pursuit of his lost babes. He has heard that your people will not harm the stranger in distress. So he trusts himself fearlessly among you. The king of our own native land, who should have protected us, became our foe. We fled from our own dear homes, from the graves of our fathers.

“The ocean-wave brought us to this New World. We are a peaceful race, pure from the blood of all men. We seek to take the hand of

our red brethren. Of my own kindred, none inhabit this wilderness, save two little buds from a broken, buried stem.

“Last night, sorrow entered into my soul, because I found them not. Knowest thou, O King, if thy people have taken my babes? Knowest thou where they have concealed them? Cause them, I pray thee, to be restored to my arms. So shall the Great Spirit bless thine own tender plants, and lift up thy heart, when it weigheth heavily in thy bosom.”

The Indian monarch, bending on him a piercing glance, said, “Knowest thou me? Look in my eyes! Look! Answer me! Are they those of a stranger?” The Huguenot replied that he had no recollection of having ever before seen his countenance.

“Thus it is with the white man. He is dim-eyed. He looketh on the garments, more than on the soul. Where your ploughs wound the earth, oft have I stood, watching your toil. There was no coronet on my brow. But I was a king. And you knew it not.

“I looked upon your people. But I saw neither pride, nor violence. I went as an enemy, and returned a friend. I said to my warriors, do these men no harm. They do not hate Indians. Then our white-haired Prophet of the Great Spirit rebuked me. He bade me make no league with the pale faces, lest angry words should be

spoken of me, among the shades of our buried kings.

"Yet again I went where thy brethren have reared their dwellings. Yes, I entered thy house. *And thou knowest not this brow?* I could tell thine at midnight, if but a single star trembled through the cloud. My ear would know thy voice, though the storm were abroad with all its thunders.

"I have said that I was a king. Yet I came to thee an hungered. And thou gavest me bread. My head was wet with the tempest. Thou badest me to lie down by thy hearth, and thy son for whom thou mournest, covered me.

"I was sad in spirit. And thy little daughter, whom thou seekest with tears, sat on my knee. She smiled when I told her how the beaver buildeth his house in the forest. My heart was comforted, for I saw that she did not hate Indians.

"Turn not on me such a terrible eye. I am no stealer of babes. I have reproved the people who took thy children. I have sheltered them for thee. Not a hair of their heads is hurt. Thinkest thou that the red man can forget a kindness? They are sleeping in my tent. Had I but a single blanket, it should have been their bed. Take them, and return unto thy people."

He waved his hand to an attendant, and in a moment, the two children were in the arms of their father. The white men were hospitable

sheltered for that night ; and the twilight of the next day, bore upward from the rejoicing colony, a prayer for the heathen of the forest, and that pure praise which mingles with the music around the Throne.

DR. HERMAN BOERHAAVE.

HERMAN BOERHAAVE, was one of the best men, and most illustrious physicians. He was the son of a clergyman, and born at a small village in Holland, on the last day of the year 1668. His love of study was evinced in childhood, and at the age of fourteen, he was sent to the public school at Leyden.

His proficiency, while at school, was so great, that in less than a year after his entrance, he was advanced with honour to the highest class, which is allowed after six months preparation, to enter the University. But scarcely was he admitted there, before a dark shade was cast over his prospects, by the death of his father, who left a numerous family, in reduced circumstances.

Still, his efforts to obtain an education, were not checked by sorrow, and he expressed his trust in the guidance and support of that Father who never dies. His desire was to become a clergyman, and after laying a solid foundation in the sciences, he commenced the study of the Hebrew language, and of theology.

The necessity of doing something for his immediate support, induced him to resign the pursuits that were most congenial to his taste, and devote himself to the science of medicine. After leaving the university, he suffered much from poverty, and while pursuing a wide range of the studies of nature, to aid him in his future profession, was obliged to supply himself with the necessities of life, by teaching mathematics.

But afterwards, when he became known as a physician, wealth flowed in upon him, like a flood, so that at the time of his death, he left a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars, as a proof of what honest, and well-directed industry, might perform. Yet he was far from being exorbitant in his charges, or arrogant of his skill, though he had been blest as the instrument of healing, in many difficult and almost hopeless cases.

His feeling, and benevolent heart, led him to visit and prescribe for those who were too poor to compensate him. "These, said he, are my best patients, for God is their paymaster." He was diligent, both night and day, to relieve suffering, and his kind, and sympathetic feelings, so beamed forth in his countenance, that he approached the couch of the sick, like a beneficent spirit.

Reputation and honour, were the rewards of his knowledge and goodness. He was appointed Professor of Chemistry, Professor of Botany,

and Professor of Medicine, in the University of Leyden. The Royal Society of London, and the Academy of Sciences at Paris, elected him an honorary member, and distant princes confided pupils to his care.

When Peter the Great, was in Holland, in 1715, he attended the lectures of Boerhaave, and received lessons from him, as a scholar. Nor was his fame confined to Europe. It spread far among the eastern nations. A letter from a mandarin in China, directed to the "illustrious Boerhaave, physician in Europe," came to him, without mistake or delay.

Amid all these distinctions, which would have elated a weak or vain mind, he was humble, and full of those amiable qualities, which endeared him to society, and to the domestic circle. At the age of forty-two, he married the daughter of the burgomaster of Leyden, and notwithstanding his household and professional avocations, found time for the composition of several literary works.

He was an eloquent orator, and spoke with such dignity and grace, that his auditors regretted when his lecture closed. He taught methodically, and with great precision. His pupils found him not only a skilful professor, and an indefatigable instructor, but a tender friend, encouraging them in labours, consoling them under affliction, and when necessary, relieving their pecuniary necessities.

He was a declared foe to all extravagance and excess, yet cheerful, and desirous of promoting the true happiness of the young. He was zealous for the truth, but dispassionate ; constant and affectionate in friendship ; in every relation of life, virtuous and exemplary. Yet the high esteem which he enjoyed, and his real excellence, did not save him from calumny and detraction.

He was not angry at his enemies, and paid little attention to their unkindness. "The surest remedy against scandal, he would say, is to *live it down*, by perseverance in well-doing, and by prayer to God to cure the distempered minds of those who traduce and injure us."

To a friend, who admired his patience under great provocations, and inquired by what means he had acquired such entire self-controul, he replied with great frankness, that by nature he was inclined to resentment, but that by daily prayer and meditation, he had obtained the command of his passions.

He was temperate in his mode of life, and recommended temperance to others. The continual activity of his mind, sparkled in his eyes, his manners were unassuming,—his whole appearance simple, and when age and deep study had changed the colour of his hair, he was remarkable for that beautiful and venerable aspect which creates respect and conciliates affection.

Piety, and deep sense of dependance on God, formed the basis of his virtues. Fully sensible of the infirmity of human nature, he arrogated no merit to himself. When he received praise for benevolence, or wisdom, he ascribed it to the Great Author of every "good and perfect gift." So profound was his humility, that when he heard of any condemned criminal, he would say, "Who knows whether he is not better than I? Or if I have escaped his sins, I owe it to Divine Goodness."

He was an early riser ; and it was always his habit, as soon as he had dressed, to retire an hour for devotion, and the study of the Bible. When his friends expressed surprise at the fatigue he was able to endure in his profession, his reply was, "my morning hour of prayer and meditation, gives me spirit and vigour, for the toils or trials of the day."

The practice from which he derived such benefit, he urged others, especially the young, to adopt. "Nothing, said he, more conduces to health of body, or tranquillity of mind. Indeed, I know of nothing, which is able to support me, and my fellow-creatures, under the various distresses of life, but a well-grounded confidence in the Supreme Being, resting on the principles of Christianity."

Feeling that a religious physician has it in his power to do good to the soul as well as the body,

he made the excellence of the Christian religion, a frequent theme of discourse, and on every proper occasion, asserted the divine origin of the Scriptures, and their efficacy in making men "wise unto salvation."

He constantly and feelingly affirmed, that a strict obedience to the doctrines, and a diligent imitation of the example of our blessed Saviour, was the foundation of true happiness. He asserted, that submission to the will of God, without repining, or searching after hidden reasons, was the duty of a Christian.

His last illness, was lingering and painful. But his fortitude and patience, never forsook him. He intermitted neither the necessary care of life, nor the serious preparation for its close. The piety which he had cherished from early years, was a fountain of joy and hope, when about to take his departure from all earthly things.

A short time before his dissolution, he received a visit from an excellent clergyman, and after joining with him in fervent prayer, spoke in a most interesting manner, of the nature of the soul. He remarked, that the infirmities of his body, had no power over the mind,—that the strongest pains neither oppressed, or vanquished it. Hence he drew an affecting proof of its immortality.

He asserted, that amid the keenest sufferings which had been appointed him, his soul had

been always master of itself, always resigned to the pleasure of its Maker. Confirming in sickness, what he had asserted in health, he added, "he who loves God, ought to think nothing desirable, but what is most pleasing to the Supreme Goodness."

As death approached, his cheerful trust seemed to increase, and his spirit to rise still more, above the influence of pain. He died on the 25th of September, 1738, in the seventieth year of his age, honoured and lamented. His works were afterwards published in five large quarto volumes, and the city of Leyden erected a monument to his memory, bearing his own favourite, and characteristic motto, "*truth unarrayed.*"

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, was the youngest son of a family of seventeen children, and born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 17th, 1706. His parents desired to give him an education, and at the age of eight years, placed him at school, where by his readiness to learn, he soon reached the head of his class, and bade fair to become a distinguished scholar.

But his father, being obliged to support a numerous family, by the labour of his hands, found himself unable to bear the expense of continuing him at school, and took him at ten years of age, to assist in his own trade of a tallow-chandler. While he was industriously employed in the work of the shop, his mind was meditating upon the books he had perused, and devising how to get time to read others.

Among the very few volumes which his father possessed, was an old, worn copy of Cotton Mather's "Essays to do Good." This he read and pondered, until its contents were stamped upon his memory. It so strongly influenced his character, that in later years, when he had become dis-

tinguished by deeds of philanthropy, he said the foundation was laid in his mind, by the perusal of that book.

All the little money that he was able to obtain, he laid by, for the purchase of books. The first that he was able to buy, were the works of John Bunyan. His strong taste for reading, determined his father to bind him apprentice to an elder brother, who was a printer. He was then eleven years old, and being active and diligent, made himself very useful in the business.

He was much happier in his new trade, because he had better opportunities of borrowing useful books. These, he was careful to keep perfectly clean, and return in a short time, though he frequently had to borrow some hours from sleep, in order to read them. He soon began to write his thoughts, sometimes in poetry, and sometimes in prose.

His father praised him for the correctness of his spelling and punctuation, but told him his style was careless and unpolished. So he commenced studying some of the papers of Addison, and soon became sensible of the beauties of a simple and graceful manner of writing.

The brother, whose apprentice he was, commenced in 1720, the second newspaper, which had ever appeared in America. Benjamin was very busy, in setting the types, printing the sheets, and carrying the papers to subscribers. Here he

also inserted some of his own compositions, keeping their authorship a strict secret.

He was gratified to hear people who visited the printing-office, speak in praise of the articles which he had written, and impute them to gentlemen of talents and learning ;—little thinking that the printer's boy, so busy at the press, was their author. He used sometimes to engage in the discussion of important subjects, with a companion, who seemed to partake of his desire for improvement.

He discovered, that in argument it was best to express an opinion with modesty. "If you desire improvement from others, he said, do not express yourself fixed in your own present opinions. Those who are modest and sensible, do not love to dispute, and will leave you undisturbed in the possession of your errors. By a positive and dogmatical manner, you can seldom expect to please your hearers, or obtain the concurrence you desire."

At the age of sixteen, he read a treatise on vegetable diet, which pleased him so much, that he long desisted from eating animal food. He found that neither his strength or his spirits suffered, but at his boarding-house, they complained of his singularity. He therefore, proposed to his brother, that he should allow him half the sum, which he paid weekly for his board, promising to furnish with it his own provisions.

He found it easy, not only to do this, but to save from this allowance, a small fund for the purchase of books. It also aided him in another favourite object, the economy of time. While his brother, with the apprentices, were gone to their meals, he was left alone in the printing-office, and soon dispatching his slight repast, of a biscuit, or a slice of bread, with a glass of water, and perhaps, a few raisins, he secured a precious interval for study.

Not meeting from his brother any assistance, in his pursuit of improvement, and finding him neither as kind or as liberal as he had reason to expect, he left him and went to New-York, and Philadelphia, in search of employment at his trade. He was induced in 1724, to go to England, where he remained a year and a half, working as a journeyman-printer, and gaining a thorough knowledge of his profession.

At his return to his native country, he took up his residence in Philadelphia. He was very diligent in his business, and when he became able, undertook the printing of a newspaper. He dressed plainly, and frequented no places of amusement. Perceiving that there was too often a false pride about those who obtained their living by labour, he was frequently seen, bringing in a wheelbarrow, through the streets, the paper which he purchased for his printing-office.

Not content with his own individual improvement, he formed a society, for discussion, and writing, on subjects of importance. Each member was to deposit a few volumes in the room, where they held their weekly meetings. This library proved so useful, that he was induced to found a larger one, where fifty subscribers paid an annual sum for the purchase of books. Thus the first public library in Philadelphia, was founded by one, who had so recently been an obscure printer's boy.

At the age of twenty-four, he married Mrs. Rogers, formerly Miss Read, to whom he became attached, when he first arrived in Philadelphia, and at the house of whose father he had boarded, when a stranger, and without resources. She proved an affectionate, and congenial companion, entering warmly into his system of frugality, and by aiding him in folding and stitching pamphlets, and tending his shop, contributed to his success in business.

By great economy of time, he was enabled to secure an hour or two, each day, for reading. He then commenced by himself, the study of languages. He soon gained such a knowledge of French, as to read it with perfect ease, and then acquired both Italian and Spanish. He was as solicitous for moral, as for intellectual improvement, and was equally systematic in his efforts to attain it.

He furnished himself with a tablet, on which he wrote the names of different virtues,—for instance, Temperance, Industry, Frugality, Justice, Tranquillity of Temper, and Order in the arrangement of things, and the distribution of time. To each, he affixed a precept, and then taking them in succession, devoted a week to the particular observation of one virtue; thus going through the list, week after week, for many years, until he had formed correspondent habits, on which he might depend.

In speaking of this system, when about eighty years old, he ascribes to his perseverance in it, the “constant felicity of his life; to the temperance thus established, his long-continued health; to industry and frugality, the acquisition of his fortune, and the knowledge which enabled him to be an useful citizen; to sincerity and justice, the confidence of his country, and the honourable employments it had conferred upon him.”

He adds, that to the “joint influence of the whole mass of these virtues, even in the imperfect state I was able to acquire them, I impute all that evenness of temper, and cheerfulness in conversation, which makes my company still sought for; and agreeable to the young. I hope some of my descendants may follow the example, and like their aged ancestor, reap the same benefit.”

His prudence, and excellent judgment, made his advice sought for, and prized. At the age of

thirty, he was chosen Clerk of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania. His introduction to public offices of honour, created some envy. He was careful not to resent its manifestations, but to conciliate, as far as he could do so, consistent with manly dignity.

He was once opposed by a man of education and talents. His knowledge of human nature, pointed out a mode of softening his enmity. He sent a polite note, requesting the loan from his library, of a valuable book. It was sent, and after a week, was returned, with a note, expressing gratitude. When he next met the gentleman, he was treated with civility, and they afterwards became warm friends.

On this occasion he remarks, that it furnished him with a new instance of the truth of a maxim, he learned when a boy, that he who has once done you a kindness, will be more ready to do you another, than he whom you have yourself obliged ; and wisely adds, what all young persons would do well to adopt as a rule, "how much more profitable is it, prudently to remove, than to resent, return, or continue, unkind and inimical treatment."

He turned much of his attention to internal improvements,—to the regulation of the city-watchmen,—the formation of fire-companies,—the establishment of an academy, and a hospital for the sick,—the regulation of affairs with the

neighbouring Indians, and the general interests of education. He was chosen member of the Legislature, and became loaded with public offices.

He had a strong taste for philosophical studies, and his experiments in electricity, which resulted in the practical discovery of the protection afforded to buildings by lightning-rods, rendered his name illustrious. The Royal Society of London, before whom his papers on this subject were read, sent him a gold medal, and elected him a member of their honourable body.

His theory was warmly adopted, and highly applauded in France. His volume on Electricity, was translated into French, Italian, German, and Latin, and its authority admitted by all the philosophers of Europe. Honorary degrees were conferred on him by Yale College, in Connecticut, and the University at Cambridge. He was appointed Post-Master General, and rendered that department a source of profit to the country.

He was resorted to by General Braddock, for advice and assistance, when in 1754, he made his unfortunate campaign, against the French and Indians; and three years after was appointed to proceed to England, to represent the interests of the state, at the court of St. James. He remained there, six years, and at his return, received the thanks of the legislature of Pennsylvania, for "important services done to that province

in particular, and to America in general," with a compensation of five thousand pounds.

On a second visit to Great Britain, he passed over to Holland, Germany, and France. His fame had preceded him. He was received with high marks of honour, by philosophers and literary men, and presented to Louis the Fifteenth. He was himself an illustration of the truth of that passage from Proverbs, which his father had taught him, when a boy; "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings,—he shall not stand before mean men."

When disagreement commenced between Great Britain and her colonies, he being in the mother-country, did all in his power to promote a mediation. Perceiving no prospect of reconciliation, he returned home in 1775, and the very day after his return, was elected member of Congress, for the State of Pennsylvania.

He became an earnest advocate for the independence of the United States, and at the close of the year 1776, was sent as their ambassador to the court of France. His great personal influence there, arising from his reputation as a philosopher, he devoted with true and untiring patriotism, to the good of his beloved country; and his negotiations, conducted with his characteristic prudence, were highly beneficial to its interests.

In the autumn of 1785, he returned to Philadelphia. His native country had taken her ac-

knowledgeable seat among the nations, and the venerable statesman, was received with affectionate gratitude. In his favourite philosophical studies, with occasional attention to public business, he passed his remaining years, cheerful and useful to the last.

In the sickness which terminated his life, he evinced the most entire resignation, acknowledging amid the severest pains, the goodness and justice of that Being who saw fit that he should be thus afflicted. He died on the 17th of April, 1790, having lived eighty-four years, and three months, happily to himself, and usefully to his country, and to mankind.

The principal traits in the character of Dr. Franklin, which made him distinguished, and which the young should imitate, were his industry,—perseverance in improvement,—his high sense of the value of time,—his prudence,—honesty, and activity for the public good,—and that cheerful temper which made his intellect amiable, and his virtues lovely, to all around, even in extreme old age.

He is numbered among our most distinguished writers. His opinions are marked by philanthropy, and shrewd, good sense, and his style by clearness and simplicity. An almanac, which he commenced at the age of twenty-five years, and continued to publish for the same period of time, contained much knowledge for the common peo-

ple, and many wise precepts, about economy of time and money, which were afterwards collected, and reprinted in Great Britain, and translated into French.

Here is some of his advice. "Sloth makes all things difficult ; but Industry, all things easy. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster, than labour wears. He who riseth late, may trot all day, yet scarce overtake his business at night. It is true, there is much to be done, and perhaps, you are weak-handed, but by diligence and patience, the mouse ate into the cable.

"Employ time well ; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour. Yet depend not too much upon thine own industry, frugality and prudence, though they are excellent things ; for without the blessing of Heaven, they may be blasted. Therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those who at present seem to be without it, but comfort and help them.

"Nothing can contribute to true happiness, that is inconsistent with duty ; nor can a cause of action conformable to it, be finally without an ample reward. For God governs : and he is good. And you will never be without his direction, if you humbly ask it, and show yourself always ready to obey it."

HON. ROGER SHERMAN.

ROGER SHERMAN, was the son of a farmer, and born in Newton, Massachusetts, April 19th, 1721. He received only such means of instruction, as the common country schools afforded. Those schools, more than a hundred years since, were far inferior to what they now are; so that his advantages to acquire an education, were exceedingly limited.

Neither was he able constantly to attend even the poor schools, to which he had access. The employments of agriculture, occupied him for a part of the year, during his boyhood; and at a proper age, he was bound apprentice to a shoemaker. Yet amid a life of hard labour, he secured some time for the acquisition of knowledge.

Such was his zeal for mental improvement, that he used to fasten a book before him, on his shoemaker's bench, and when there was a moment to spare from his work, fix his eyes upon it. While his hands were busy, he meditated on what he had read. Thus, he became a *careful, patient thinker*, and this is better than to read many books, without reflection.

By his love of knowledge, and perseverance in overcoming obstacles, he made proficiency not only in arithmetic, geography, and the general principles of history, but in logic, philosophy, the higher branches of mathematics, political economy, and theology. His conduct was under the guidance of rectitude, and morality, and in his heart was that "fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom."

He early made a profession of religion, and so subjected his whole conduct to its precepts, that he became eminent for self-controul. He mentioned, that in gaining the government of his passions, he was aided by the study of Dr. Watts' treatise on that subject ; and to the close of life, he was distinguished for the mildness, serenity and sedateness, which he took such pains in youth, to acquire.

When he had reached the age of nineteen years, his father died, and the care of the family devolved on him. His filial virtues were strongly exemplified, in his constant attentions to the comfort of a mother, who lived to a great age. By his industry on the farm, as well as in his trade, he was enabled also to support a numerous family of brothers and sisters.

With his fraternal tenderness, he mingled the judgment of a father, in superintending the character of those, whom Providence had entrusted to his guidance, while he was himself so

young. By his wise economy, and self-denial, he was enabled to secure for two of his brothers, those advantages of collegiate education, which he had never himself enjoyed.

At the age of twenty-two, he removed his mother and household, to New-Milford, and entered into the business of a country-merchant. With characteristic simplicity, he performed this journey on foot, taking care to have his shoemaker's tools, conveyed to his new home. Amid his close application to business, he still found time for scientific pursuits, and made astronomical calculations for an almanac in New-York, which he supplied for several years.

Circumstances which seemed to him, like a direct intimation of duty, induced him to apply himself to legal studies. Success attended his indefatigable diligence, and he was soon appointed one of the justices of the court of common pleas, then, a judge of the superior court, and member of the senate, of his native state. After his removal to New-Haven, he held for many years, the office of treasurer to Yale-College, and received from that institution, the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

His opinions as a lawyer, were received with great respect, and his conduct as a judge, was marked by uprightness, and strict adherence to the principles of justice. Higher honours still awaited him, and he was elected a member of the

first Congress, in 1774, where he continued till his death, a period of nineteen years.

In the summer of 1776, he was appointed one of the five statesmen, who prepared the Declaration of Independence, for the United States. After the blessings of peace, had been vouchsafed to our country, he was chosen delegate to the General Convention, to whom the important work was committed of forming a constitution, for its permanent government.

In all these arduous labours, he sought the direction of the Almighty, and depended upon his blessing. In a letter to a friend, about this period, he says, "May that kind Providence, which guarded these States, through a dangerous and distressing war, to peace and liberty, still watch over, and guide them in the way of safety."

He was elected to the Senate of the United States, and remained in that dignified body until his death. Here, and through the whole of his congressional life, his application to business was indefatigable, and his clear judgment, rational opinion, and inflexible integrity of principle, won the respect and homage of all men.

From his extensive acquaintance with history, as well as his knowledge of human nature, he derived great aid, in the elevated sphere of duty which was appointed him. He was also eminently distinguished for good sense, and discretion, in all his words and deeds. "There is Mr. Sher-

man, of Connecticut, who never said a foolish thing in his life," was the tribute of respect, paid him by one of the Presidents of the United States, as he pointed out to a stranger, some of the most eminent statesmen, in the hall of Congress.

Chief Justice Ellsworth, who resembled him in strength of intellect, high integrity of principle, and general structure of character, acknowledged that he had made him his model, from his youth. "*And this*, said the elder President Adams, *is praise enough for them both.*"

Though Mr. Sherman was elevated to some of the highest honours, which his country could bestow, he was never ashamed of the obscurity of his origin. During the revolutionary war, when the expenses of the army, were submitted to the inspection of Congress, he informed them, that in the contract for the supply of shoes, the charges were too high.

He then gave a particular statement of the cost of leather, other necessary materials, and workmanship, and demonstrated his assertion, beyond a doubt. The gentlemen who attended with him, to this examination, being surprized at the minuteness of his knowledge, he replied, with frankness, and pleasure, "I am by trade, a shoemaker."

He avoided show and extravagance of every kind, and was a consistent, and noble example

of republican simplicity. Age did not impair his usefulness, and his venerable appearance was admired by all. He was a member of the Senate, at the time of his death, which took place July 23d, 1793, at the age of seventy-two, in full possession of his powers of mind and body, and strong in the hope of the gospel which he loved.

His person was lofty, erect, and well-proportioned, and the expression of his countenance, manly and agreeable. He was twice married, first to Miss Elizabeth Hartwell, and afterwards to Miss Rebecca Prescott, both natives of Massachusetts, and was the father of fifteen children. In the domestic relations of son, and brother, husband, father, and friend, he was most kind and faithful. No public business, however pressing, led him to neglect those sacred, relative duties.

The sacred principles of truth, and accountability to God, regulated all his conduct. *What is right?—what course ought I in conscience to pursue?*—were the questions he continually asked himself: and not “what is popular?—what will affect my interest?” Thus his integrity was never questioned, and he dwelt always in the clear sunshine of a “conscience without offence, towards God and towards man.”

The volume which he most loved, and consulted, was the Sacred Scriptures. He was accustomed to purchase a new copy, at every session

of Congress,—to read it daily, and present it to one of his children, at his return home. How valuable must have been the volume, thus hallowed by his meditations and prayers. For the way in which Roger Sherman became great, and surely he was one of our greatest men, was by taking into his heart, in youth, the spirit and precepts of the Word of God.

REV. JOHN FREDERIC OBERLIN.

JOHN FREDERIC OBERLIN, was born August 31st, 1740, at Strasburg, in Germany. Kindness and gentleness of temper, were evinced in his infancy ; and in his early years, he showed that disposition to do good to others, which distinguished his maturity, and remained with him until the close of life.

The small sums of money, which were given him by his father, who was poor, he carefully laid by, but not for himself. It was his pleasure to seek out, and relieve sickness and want. Sometimes, when a bill was brought to his father, he would stedfastly watch his countenance, and if he saw it troubled, and imagined that he had not enough to pay the demand, he would run for his little box, and empty it, with childish joy, into his father's hand.

His love of religion continued to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength. His choice was to become a minister of the gospel. At the age of twenty, he became the pastor of Waldbach, a parish situated among the high

mountains, which divide France from Germany. This region, is called by the French, *ban de la roche*, or the *district of the rock*, and by the Germans, *steinthal*, or the *valley of stone*.

The sterility of this spot, is in accordance with the names that have been given it. Winter begins there, in September, and seldom are the snows melted by June. The inhabitants found it difficult to obtain by tillage, enough for their subsistence, and their ignorance equalled their poverty.

The predecessor of Oberlin, had endeavoured to raise the character of their schools. He found that one of their best ones, had been kept in a miserable cottage, by a miserable old man, who said with great simplicity, that his business had been that of a swine-herd, but that when he became unfit for that, they had employed him to teach the children.

To this people, Oberlin went, following the footsteps of his Divine Master, who pleased not himself, but came to seek and to save the lost. His zealous endeavours, to raise their condition, and reform their habits, were at first misunderstood, and so far from awakening gratitude, led to abuse, and persecution.

But he was neither daunted or discouraged. Having been informed that some of the disaffected ones, intended him personal violence, he preached from that passage of our Saviour's

sermon on the mount, "I say unto you, that ye resist not evil." While the conspirators were ridiculing the sermon, and wondering if he would behave as he had advised others to do, he suddenly appeared among them.

"Here am I, my friends!" he said, with perfect calmness. "You were wishing to do me some harm. Is it not better that I should thus give myself up to you, than that you should be guilty of the meanness of lying in wait to take me?" Awed by his dignity and piety, they acknowledged their evil designs, and entreated his pardon. He freely forgave them, and they were in future, his friends.

He showed the same moral courage, when a boy. In the streets of Strasburg, he once saw an unfeeling officer, abusing a sick beggar. Going boldly between them, he reproved the tyrannical man, who being very angry, would have seized him. But the neighbours who loved the child, gathering round, protected him, and rescued the beggar.

Afterwards, passing in a narrow and lonely way, he saw the same officer approaching him. "Now, thought the boy, perhaps, he will punish me. Shall I attempt to escape? No, I did my duty to the poor man. God is with me. Why should I fear?" The officer, who had so lately threatened him, passed by, and did him no harm. True piety was the foundation of his courage.

The same holy principle led him to persevere in improving the condition and character of his poor parishioners. He found the roads among them, so exceedingly bad, that intercourse between the hamlets, was both difficult and dangerous. He induced them to break rocks, and build a wall of considerable length, on one side of their mountain-road, to keep the earth and stones, from being washed into the vale below.

He told them they must build a bridge, over a river, they had always been accustomed to ford. "How can these things be done!" they exclaimed. "Come, and see," said Oberlin. Taking a pick-axe, and other implements, he set them an example of their use. When they beheld him, selecting the most difficult parts for himself, they willingly exerted themselves, and the industry which he taught them, was a new bond of affection.

Soon, a neat bridge was constructed, and a good road opened, from Waldbach to Strasburg, which was also extended to each of the five hamlets, or little villages, where he ministered. The force of his religious instructions was not impaired by his efforts to make them comfortable, but on the contrary, his influence increased, from these proofs of his love.

He found them deficient in many of the mechanic arts, which seem necessary to civilization. There were neither blacksmiths to furnish tools

for the labourer, nor masons to make chimneys to their habitations. He procured several youths to be sent to Strasburg, as apprentices, who, when they had obtained their respective trades, returned, and became teachers of others.

His people, had lived in hovels, built of rocks, against the sides of the mountain, without cellars, or chimneys. He taught them how to build neat and commodious cottages, to make gardens, to rear vegetables, to plant fruit-trees. Soon, this desolate region, as if by magic, was adorned with pleasant habitations, each surrounded by its little orchard and garden.

Amid all these labours, the pastor remitted not his care, for the souls of his people. Especially, were the interests of education, dear to him. He instructed such promising young people, as were willing to become teachers, and caused school-houses to be built in each of the five little hamlets.

Perceiving that while the older children were engaged in their studies, the little ones lost much of their time, he collected them together, and had lessons adapted to their comprehension. His wife, joining her exertions with his, procured two female teachers, for each school; one taught lessons from books, and the other, to spin, to knit, and to sew; that useful employment, and intellectual knowledge, might advance hand in hand.

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Thus in the secluded region of the Ban de la Roche, we perceive the institution of Infant Schools, Normal Schools, Sabbath Schools, and Sabbath School Libraries, originating in the active benevolence of one man; and he unprompted and uncheered by intercourse with the philanthropic spirits, who afterwards diffused those blessings, over Europe and America.

In the year 1784, when Mr. Oberlin was more than forty years old, he was afflicted by the death of his excellent wife, who had been his helper in his efforts to do good. Though deeply mourn-

ing, he bowed himself to the Divine Will. He praised God that she had been enabled to lead a holy life, and for the faith that now taught him, she was happy in Heaven.

He had received into his family, a young girl to bring up. After the death of Mrs. Oberlin, she extended to her seven motherless children, the same care and tenderness, which she had herself received. She engaged in the same works of charity, which she had seen performed, and with the most disinterested zeal, took charge of the pastor's house, refusing to receive any compensation for many years of service.

It would seem that Oberlin's people, strove to imitate his virtues. Their sympathy for orphans, was peculiarly conspicuous. When a poor family were thus bereaved, there were always some one ready to receive them. Some households had two or three orphans, maintained like their own children. One poor woman, supported ten, by her labour. Their religion taught them, that such charities were acceptable to God.

During the distresses of the French Revolution, many fled to these remote villages, and Mr. Oberlin received them into his house, until they could find other refuge. His home, though simply furnished, was the abode of comfort and happiness. No luxuries were seen upon his table, but his plain fare was shared with others, in free and true hospitality.

Every thing in his house and about his grounds, was neat, and in order. The walls of his apartments, were covered with maps and drawings of Natural History. Appropriate texts of Scripture, were placed over the several doors. At the entrance of the dining-room was written, "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

He encouraged his people to be constantly industrious. Through his agency, they were taught to spin cotton, to dye cloth, to plait straw, and to weave ribbands. So prevalent was his example, and influence, that scarcely an idle person, or a beggar was seen among them.

He not only instructed them in agriculture, horticulture, and the mechanic arts, and was their pastor and school-master, but their physician also. Early in life, he had devoted considerable time to the study of the theory of medicine, and now he patiently climbed the steepest mountains, in the night, as well as the day, and at all seasons of the year, to visit and prescribe for the sick.

These services made him most dear to the people. Nor did he forget to preserve their regard, by his affectionate manners. He never met either man or woman, among them, without taking off his hat, and saying some words of kindness. Every child, he took by the hand, and showed some little mark of attention, adding often some pleasant advice.

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His own fine manners, were imitated by his people ; so that from having been rude and uncouth, they became insensibly gentle and courteous. It was remarked by strangers who visited them, that though very poor, they were exceedingly polite, and happy.

They sought in every way, to express their gratitude to their beloved pastor. On one occasion, a son of his, who was travelling in France, in the service of the Bible Society, was taken sick. He desired to reach home, that he might die there, but could only get within nine miles of his father's house.

Twelve of the villagers, set out to bring him those nine miles on a litter. But finding he was not able to bear the open air, they placed him in a covered carriage, and as they went slowly along, removed every stone from before it, that no rude motion of the wheels, might disturb the sufferer. His death was peaceful and happy, and they mingled their tears with those of the father, with the most affecting sympathy.

The five villages, to whom Mr. Oberlin ministered, were considerably distant from each other. He therefore preached in each by turns. As he kept no horse, an inhabitant of the parish where he was to officiate, brought one for him, every Sabbath morning. He took his dinner, with some one of the families, and then conversed with every grown person and child

belonging to it, on the great concerns of their soul.

In his sermons, there was an affecting eloquence, and a striking adaptation to the wants of his people, for he was intimately acquainted with all. He usually preached in French, because this language was spoken by the majority of his parishioners. But every Friday evening, he had service in German, as there were some, who understood it better than French.

This service was of a most sweet, and paternal character. After some explanation of a portion of Scripture, he would say, "My children, are you weary?" They almost invariably replied, that they desired to hear more. The females brought their knitting-work, for it did not interrupt their attention, and he loved to see them usefully employed.

The eyes of the people sparkled with delight, when they saw their good minister. He was as a guardian spirit, watching over them, and guiding them, both for this world, and the next. In his instructions to the young, in Natural History, he was careful to inculcate a knowledge of the nature of plants, and a love of flowers, as a means of softening and refining the character.

He taught them to cultivate in their gardens, many wild plants from the woods, and also to draw and paint flowers. Some of his pupils

marked their affectionate remembrance of his seventieth birth-day, by gifts of beautiful wreaths and garlands. He expressed his thanks in a pious, paternal letter, in which he says,

“The beautiful flowers with which the Great Creator has adorned our country, gave you the means of presenting me with this token of your united love. These sweet garlands will soon fade, but I shall never forget the happy feelings they have awakened ; and I earnestly pray that you may become unfading flowers in the Paradise of God.”

He lived in the simplest manner, that he might have the more to give to those who needed. A visitor to his house, found there four or five families, who had lost their habitations by fire ; to whom he was distributing food, clothing, utensils of industry, and pictures for the instruction of their children.

“His family, said an English traveller, do not have as good or delicate food on their table, as our poor people, in England ; but they are the happiest Christians, and it is delightful to be here. He treats the poorest, even the children, with affection and respect. It is wonderful to see how changed they all are, since he came among them. They were then very barbarous, but now are gentle and polite, and their good minister, though now more than eighty, is one of the handsomest men I ever saw.”

Notwithstanding his great age, he continued to instruct and labour for his people, and when he was no longer able to preach, he bore them day and night on his prayers. His last sickness, was short. He said, "Lord Jesus, take me speedily: nevertheless, thy will be done." A few hours before his death, he joined in an act of devotion, his hands clasped, and his heaven-raised countenance, beaming with faith and love.

He died on the 1st day of June, 1826, at the age of eighty-six, having lived in his parish of Waldbach, more than sixty years. The grief of his people was affecting. From every part of that rocky district, they gathered in the midst of a heavy rain, to gaze on the lifeless remains of their pastor, and their friend.

The funeral procession stretched from the door of his house, to the mouth of his sepulchre, a distance of two miles. Every cottage poured out its habitants, and the children of the schools, walked two and two, chanting mournful hymns. They paused at the church, in whose burial-ground he was to be laid, and a minister ascending the pulpit, read from a paper, the farewell-address, of their venerated sire.

We have room for only a few of his parting words: "O my dear parish! God will not forsake thee. Only cleave thou unto Him. Forget thou my name, if thou wilt, but remember that of Jesus Christ, whom I have preached to

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Thus in the secluded region of the Ban de la Roche, we perceive the institution of Infant Schools, Normal Schools, Sabbath Schools, and Sabbath School Libraries, originating in the active benevolence of one man; and he unprompted and uncheered by intercourse with the philanthropic spirits, who afterwards diffused those blessings, over Europe and America.

In the year 1784, when Mr. Oberlin was more than forty years old, he was afflicted by the death of his excellent wife, who had been his helper in his efforts to do good. Though deeply mourn-

He was ardent and active in every important effort to develop the rich resources of his native state ; and held the offices of President of the Canal Board, and Chancellor of the University of New York. Though proverbially in his temper and habits, a man of peace, yet when required by his station, in the last war with Great Britain, to command on the Niagara frontier, he subjected his feelings to his duty, and with true patriotism, was faithful in all things.

The integrity and lofty principle displayed in his high public stations, was not surpassed by the beauty of his character in private life. His first wife was the daughter of Gen. Philip Schuyler, so well known in the history of our revolution. His second wife was the daughter of the Hon. William Patterson, of New Jersey, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. He was eminently happy in his domestic connexions, and was the father of a numerous family. Ten children survive him, to bear witness to his untiring efforts for their good, both temporal and eternal.

His sweet, amiable affections in the most intimate relations of life, and his benignity of disposition to all with whom he associated, were striking traits in his character. He loved the young, and delighted to make them happy ; not happy through improper indulgence, but in the paths of cheerful duty.



Surrounded by almost princely affluence, he escaped the dangers which it too often brings. Selfishness and haughtiness, had in him no place. Perfectly simple and unostentatious in his manners, he regarded the feelings of the poorest, and most obscure. An instinctive delicacy guided him in the bestowment of his gifts, and humility was the garment in which all his virtues arrayed themselves.

His mind was of quick perception, and endued with that "upright and clarified common sense," which is a safer guide amid the conflicting interests of mankind, than the most brilliant imagination. Though his mildness of temper led him to avoid contention, yet he was firm in maintaining just opinions, and the purity of his motives was never questioned.

Convinced of the importance of agriculture, with its habits of industry, and morality, to the welfare of a republic, he did all in his power, to encourage, and bring it into respect. Immediately after receiving his patrimony, by letting out his lands to farmers, on very easy terms, he succeeded in bringing almost the whole counties of Albany and Rensselaer, into cultivation.

Though the low rents, thus early established, caused the income from his lands not to exceed two, and sometimes one per cent., on a very moderate estimate of their value, still as this was more than sufficient for his expenses, and his

very liberal charities, he did not attempt to increase the amount derived from his tenants. While wealth is an object of such restless, and often sinful pursuit, how beautiful the example of a man rising superior to the grasping love of gain, and seeking nobler pleasures than those of accumulation.

His regard for the interests of education, proved him a true patriot, and philanthropist. The extent of his liberality, in diffusing the blessings of knowledge, it is impossible to compute, for he ever strove, according to the rule of the Gospel, to connect his bounties with secrecy. Yet there are proofs of charity in this cause, which could not be concealed. The many young men, who were indebted to him for their education, remember to speak of their benefactor.

He was long accustomed to send school-masters among the poorer portions of his tenantry, as if they had been his own large family. Perceiving it to be desirable that the qualifications of teachers should be increased, he determined to found an institution which should impart instruction in the sciences, as they are applicable to the business of common life.

He proceeded in 1824, to the organization of what is now known as the "Rensselaer Institute," provided a suitable building, a library, an apparatus, and endowed the professorships with liberal salaries. Not content with the yearly

expenditure of large sums, in this school, he invited each county in the State of New York, to send him one student; and in the course of three years, this large number of persons, went forth, with a complete practical education, the priceless gift of their patron.

During the fourteen years, since this Institute was established, numbers of teachers, have been there fitted, to confer benefits on the community. Many of these, have entered the active departments of science, as geologists, engineers, chemists and naturalists. Had the Patroon performed no other act of munificence, this alone, would entitle him to a high rank among the benefactors of mankind.

His general benevolence was proverbial. From its fountain in his own heart, it flowed forth, continually enlarging its circle, until it embraced the whole of the human family, whom it was in his power to aid. The humblest sufferer within the range of his walks, as well as the institutions of learning throughout the land, churches and charitable societies of every denomination, the benighted heathen of another hemisphere, all participated in his bounty.

He sought in his alms-giving, not to be seen, or praised of men. Yet to the close of life, his liberality knew no limit. Just before his decease, he summoned his agent to his chamber, and remarking on the severity of the winter, bade him

go, and search out all who were in want, and give them what they might need.

He held his ample fortune, as in stewardship for his Divine Master, taking his own share with great moderation, and indulging in no luxury save that of doing good. It must be evident that such a character, could not be formed, without the aid of piety. This was at once its foundation, and its crown.

He early turned aside from the allurements of the world, and made a profession of the Christian religion. For more than half a century, its saintly spirit shone forth in his life and conversation, and he was strict in the performance of all its enjoined duties. He was a regular and serious student of the Sacred Volume. He could adopt the expression of the Psalmist, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee."

It was his custom to read the Bible through, once every year. Even to the latest period of his life, he spent an hour or more, every morning, in its perusal, and in the winter, rose so early as to study its pages by candle-light. Many parts of it were impressed on his memory, and in the chamber of languor and decline, it was his constant companion.

He led a life of prayer. He retired three times a day, for secret communion with his Father in Heaven. With his family, he performed a daily

service of humble and solemn devotion. This prayerful spirit, sustained and guided him, in all the duties and changes of life.

He cherished deep reverence for the Sabbath, and strove by his faithful instructions, to impress it on his household. Before the public services, all were called to read the Scriptures, and after church, which he punctually attended, his children were required to repeat to him, the commandments, the catechism, and such hymns as they had committed to memory.

“How much cause for gratitude, writes one of his sons, is there, in having so long enjoyed the kind counsel, and sweet society of such a father. The separation is painful, beyond the power of language to express. But it is consoling to reflect, that the change was most happy for him. It may with truth be said of him, ‘Mark the perfect man and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.’”

His death was most tranquil and happy. Sickness had given him warning, so that he stood ready for the call of his Lord. On the morning of the last day of his life, he read in a devotional book, a meditation on death, and marked in his Bible, that passage so beautifully descriptive of heaven, “the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick.”

Probably he thought not then, that he was so near entering into his rest, as his health had for.

some time appeared better. But suddenly, he was summoned, and so gentle was the flight of his spirit, that the eyes of watching love which were bent upon him, knew not the moment when it was disengaged from clay. He died on Saturday, January 26th, 1839, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

“It was on four o'clock of the afternoon, of that day, says one of his eloquent biographers, a day which had dawned with as fair a promise of closing on him in life, as any, perhaps, which he had seen for the last two years, that in a small cabinet of his ample mansion, which his infirmities had made his chief asylum and sanctuary for many months, sitting in his chair, with just warning enough to convey the intimation to his own mind, that his hour had come, without enough of previous change seriously to alarm the fears of anxious, watchful and trembling hearts around him, the venerable man bowed his head and died.”

It has been said that to bear prosperity unhurt, is far greater merit than to struggle with adverse fortune. Yet here we have the example of one, cradled in affluence, living always in the smile of the world, still untouched by the pride of wealth, humble, unassuming, unrelaxed in moral discipline, exhibiting every public and private virtue, with “simplicity and godly sincerity.”

In this beautifully consistent character, let the *young* see the power of religion. For it was this

which preserved him amid all the temptations of prosperity, in the "meekness of wisdom," prompted him to make his great wealth the instrument of extended benevolence, girded him to walk in the paths of honour, with a stainless name, and strengthened him to resign the joys of earth, with the clear hope of a blessed immortality.



POETRY.

FILIAL DUTY.

“ Grieve not thy father, as long as he liveth.”

THY father! Why, with locks of snow
Are thus his sacred temples clad?
Why droops he o'er his staff so low,
With trembling limbs and visage sad?

Care hath his brow with wrinkles scarr'd,
His clustering ringlets shred away,
And time with tyrant sceptre marr'd,
The glory of his manhood's sway.

How oft that palsied hand hath led
Thine infant footsteps weak with fear,
How gently bow'd that reverend head,
Thy childhood's broken tale to hear;

And when thy wayward feet have stray'd
'Mid youthful follies rashly free,
Those lips invok'd at midnight's shade,
The pardon of thy God for thee.

If from his speech should dotage flow,
Or eye, or ear, be dull and dead,
Then, to his second childhood show,
The love that smooth'd thy cradle bed.

Grieve not thy sire ! for if his love
Unblest, or unrequited be,
He, whom thou call'st thy Sire above
Will bend a judge's frown on thee.

SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

COME, tread with me yon changeful dells,
Where beauty into grandeur swells,
Where the chaf'd stream, conflicting hoarse,
O'erleaps the mounds that barr'd its course,
And threatening wild, with gather'd wrath,
Rolls sullen on its rocky path.

That cliff! methinks the Indian cry,
Pels from its summit shrill and high;
Back sweeps the past! the Indian foe,
Sinks weltering in the depths below,
While peering o'er those ledges steep,
Stern watch, the lynx-eyed victors keep.

See'st thou yon hills, so bold and sheen,
With coronet of ever-green?
See'st thou close nestling at their feet,
A village, with its fair retreat,
Where engines clash, with labour glowing,
And toil to wealth, the way is showing?

There, erst, in childish sports I strayed,
Amid an unshorn thicket's glade,
And pleased, from tangled herbage drew,

The Indian posy's mottled hue,
Hare-bells, and violets, sweetly blue,
Or columbines, with purple dy'd,
Or rich lobelia's crimson pride.

Press on, press on, for see how near,
The city's loftier domes appear,
Its roofs in strange confusion blending,
Its hallow'd spires to heaven ascending,
Its sails their snowy whiteness lending,
To the broad river's curving sweep,
Which half in shadow seems to sleep.

Far forests rise, in solemn line,
As if the bending skies to join ;
Green fields their ample robes extend,
To catch the treasures that descend,
When loaded trees their blossoms fling,
Swept by the vernal zephyr's wing.

Ask ye what spell doth linger here,
To make this scenery doubly dear ?
Go ask of him who ne'er repines,
Where Hecla's fire volcanic shines,
Of him, who dead to comfort, dwells
In cold Labrador's ice-bound cells,
Or him, who clings to Afric's strand,
Like infant to a mother's hand.

The Switzer ask, whose cabin rude,
Like bird's nest hangs o'er rock and flood ;
The Cambrian, climbing ledges steep,
His famish'd mountain goats to keep,

Ask the Siberian boor, who knows
The horrors of the arctic snows,
Or the swarth islanders, who hear,
The dread Pacific thundering near :

Yes, ask of all, and when they say,
 " This is my spot of birth,"
Then will ye know, what charm hath made
To me, yon well-remember'd glade,
River and rock and greenwood shade,
 The Paradise of earth.

THE DIVIDED BURDEN.

I saw a boy, who toward his cottage-home,
A heavy burden bore. The way was steep,
And rocky, and his little, loaded arm,
Strain'd downward to its full extent, while wide
The other, horizontally was thrown,
As if to counterpoise the painful weight,
That drew him toward the earth.

A while he paus'd,
And set his burden down, just where the path
Grew more precipitous, and wip'd his brow
With his worn sleeve, and panting breath'd long
draughts
Of the sweet air, while the hot summer sun,
Flam'd o'er his forehead.

But another boy
'Neath a cool poplar, in a neighbouring field,
Sat playing with his dog, and from the grass
Uprising, with light bound, the fence he clear'd,
And lent a vigorous hand to share the toil.
So, on they went together, grasping firm
The basket's handle, with a right, good will,
And while their young, clear voices met my ear,
I recollected how the Bible said,
"Bear one another's burdens," and perceiv'd
That to obey God's word, was happiness.

Then as the bee gleans from the humblest flower
Sown by the way-side, honey for her hive,—
I treasur'd up the lesson, and when eve
Call'd home the labouring ox, and to its bed
Warn'd the young bird, and shut the lilly's cup,
I took my little boy upon my knee,
And told him of the basket-bearer's toil,
And of the friend who help'd him.

When his eye
Swell'd full, and round, and fix'd upon my face,
Taking the story to his inmost soul ;
I said, " My son, be pitiful to all,
And aid them when thou canst.

For God hath sown
Sweet seeds within us, seeds of sympathy,
Whose buds are virtues, such as bloom for heaven.

If thy young sister weepeth, kiss the tear
From her smooth cheek, and soothe with tender words
Her swelling breast ; or if a secret thorn
Is in thy brother's bosom ; draw it thence :
Or if thy playmate sorroweth, lend an ear,
And share with sympathy his weight of woe.

And when thou art a man, my little one,
Still keep thy spirit open to the ills
Of foreigner and stranger, of the race
Whom Afric's sun hath darken'd, and of those
Poor red-brow'd exiles, from our forest-shades,
Where once they ruled supreme.

Thus shalt thou shun
That selfishness, which wrapp'd in its own gifts,
Forgets alike the Giver, and the grief
Of those who mourn.

So may'st thou ever find
Pity and love, in thine own time of need,
If on thy young heart, as a signet-ring,
Thou grav'st that motto from a Book Divine,
"Bear one another's burdens, and fulfil
The law of Christ."

AGRICULTURE.

THE hero hath his fame,
'Tis blazoned on his tomb,
But earth withholds her glad acclaim,
And frowns in silent gloom :—

His footsteps o'er her breast,
Were like the simoom's blast,
And death's wild ravages attest,
Where'er his chariot past.

By him her harvests sank,
Her famish'd flocks were slain,
And from the fount where thousands drank,
Came gushing blood like rain.

For him no mournful sigh,
From vale or grove shall swell,
But flowers, exulting lift their eye,
Where the proud spoiler fell.

Behold yon peaceful bands,
Who guide the glittering share,
The quiet labour of whose hands,
Doth make earth's bosom fair.

Through them the rich perfume,
From ripen'd fields doth flow,
They bid the desert-rose to bloom,
The wild with plenty glow.

Ah, happier thus to prize,
The humble, rural shade,
And like our Father in the skies,
Blest nature's work to aid,

Than famine and despair,
Among mankind to spread,
And Earth, our mother's curse to bear,
Down to the silent dead.

THE PRISONER'S QUESTION.

The Chaplain of one of the penitentiaries in the United States, mentions that a prisoner once earnestly inquired of him, if happy spirits ever looked from heaven, upon the friends they had left behind, and at his reply, exclaimed in agony, "My mother! oh, my mother!"

He stood within his prison-grate,
That lonely man of crime,
Upon whose brow, an early guilt
Had done the work of time,

For where the baleful passions boil,
Though form and cheek are fair,
Their poison-fumes distain the charms,
That beauty lavish'd there.

Then reaching through those iron bars,
The chaplain's hand he wrung,
Who warn'd him of his Maker's wrath,
With an unflattering tongue,

"*One question more!*"—the holy man
Turn'd at his eager cry,
And bent him toward that darken'd cell,
With pity in his eye.

"Think'st thou, that those who lov'd us here,
Who now do reign in bliss,
E'er from that glorious sphere look down,
To note the deeds of this?"

"We know not,—said his reverend guide,
God's volume doth not say,
But nature, speaking in our hearts,
Makes answer that they may."

Then sorrow seiz'd that erring man,
The struggle shook him sore,
Till unaccustom'd tears fell down,
Upon his dungeon-floor;

"Oh mother! mother! if thine eye
Must see thy darling son,
Here, 'mid the vilest of the vile,
Would that my life were done."

And long those strain'd and burning orbs,
Pour'd forth the bitter rain,
But Thou, who hear'st the sinner's cry,
Say, was this anguish vain?

Perchance, even then, that mother's prayer,
Which blest his cradle-bed,
Did win its answer for his soul,
And snatch it from the dead.

BIRDS IN AUTUMN.

NOVEMBER came on, with an eye severe,
And his stormy language, was hoarse to hear,
And the glittering garland, of brown and red,
Which he wreath'd for a while, round the forest's head,
In sudden anger he rent away,
And all was cheerless, and bare and gray.

Then the houseless grasshopper told his woes,
And the humming-bird sent forth a wail for the rose,
And the spider, that weaver, of cunning so deep,
Roll'd himself up, in a ball, to sleep,
And the cricket his merry horn laid by,
On the shelf with the pipe of the dragon-fly.

Soon voices were heard, at the morning prime,
Consulting of flight, to a warmer clime,
"Let us go! let us go!" said the bright-wing'd jay,
And his gay spouse sang from a rocking spray,
"I am tir'd to death of this hum-drum tree,
I'll go, if 'tis only the world to see."

"Will you go, ask'd the robin, "my only love?"
And a tender strain from the leafless grove,
Responded, "wherever your lot is cast,
Mid sunny skies, or the wintry blast,
I am still at your side, your heart to cheer,
Though dear is our nest, in this thicket here."

The oriole told with a flashing eye,
How his little ones shrank from this frosty sky,
How his mate with an ague had shaken the bed,
And lost her fine voice, by a cold in her head,
And their eldest daughter, an invalid grown,
No health in this terrible climate had known.

“ I am ready to go, cried the plump young wren,
From the hateful homes of these northern men,
My throat is sore, and my feet are blue,
I fear I have caught the consumption too,
And then I've no confidence left I own,
In the doctors out of the southern zone.”

Then up went the thrush, with a trumpet-call,
And the martins came forth from their box on the wall,
And the owlets peep'd out from their secret bower,
And the swallows conven'd on the old church tower,
And the council of blackbirds was long and loud,
Chattering and flying from tree to cloud.

“ The dahlia is dead on her throne,” said they,
And we saw the butterfly, cold as clay,
Not a berry is found on the russet plains,
Not a kernel of ripen'd maize remains,
Every worm is hid, shall we longer stay,
To be wasted with famine, away ! away !”

But what a strange clamour on elm and oak,
From a bevy of brown-coated mocking-birds broke !
The theme of each separate speaker they told,
In a shrill report, with such mimickry bold,
That the eloquent orators stared to hear,
Their own true echoes, so wild and clear.

Then tribe after tribe, with its leader fair,
Swept off, through the fathomless depths of air ;
Who marketh their course to the tropicks bright ?
Who nerveth their wing for its weary flight ?
Who guideth that caravan's trackless way,
By the stars at night, and the cloud by day ?

The Indian-fig with its arching screen,
Welcomes them in, to its vistas green,
And the breathing buds of the spicy tree,
Thrill at the burst of their revelry,
And the bulbul starts, 'mid his carol clear,
Such a rushing of stranger-wings to hear.

O wild-wood wanderers ! how far away
From your rural homes in our vales ye stray ;
But when they are wak'd by the touch of Spring,
We shall see you again with your glancing wing,
Your nests 'mid our household trees to raise,
And stir our hearts in our Maker's praise.

EARTH'S CHANGES.

As waves the grass upon the field to-day,
Which soon the wasting scythe shall sweep away,
As smiles the flowret in the morning dew,
Which eve's chill blast upon the winds may strew,
Thus, in brief glory boast the sons of clay,
Thus bloom a while, then wither and decay.

Dust tends to dust,—with ashes, ashes blend,
The senseless turf conceals the buried friend:
A few may sigh, upon the grave's dark brink,
A few salt tears, the broken soil may drink,
A few sad hearts in lonely sorrow bleed,
And pay that tribute which they soon must need.

I saw the infant, in its robe of white,
Its doating mother's ever-dear delight,
It clapp'd its hands when tones of mirth went by,
And natures gladness glisten'd in its eye:
Again I came! An empty crib was there,
A little coffin, and a funeral prayer.

I saw the ruddy boy, of vigour bold,
Who fear'd nor summer's heat, nor winter's cold,
With dexterous heel he skimm'd the frozen pool,
His laugh rang loudest, 'mid his mates at school,
Again I sought him, but his name was found,
On the low stone that marks yon church-yard mound.

Oh ! boasted joys of Earth ! how swift ye fly,
Rent from the hand, or hidden from the eye :
So, through the web the weaver's shuttle glides,
So, speeds the vessel o'er the billowy tides,
So cleaves the bird, the liquid fields of light,
And leaves no furrow of its trackless flight.

But we, frail beings, shrinking from the storm,
We love these skies, that gathering clouds deform,
Though wounded oft, as oft renew our toil,
To rear a fabric on this sand-swept soil,
And still we strive, forgetful of the grave,
To fix our anchor on the tossing wave.

Yet He, who marks us in our vain career,
Oft shows how frail is what we hold most dear,
Spreads o'er some face belov'd, the deathful gloom,
Or hides a parent in the lonely tomb,
Arrests the thoughtless, bids the worldling feel,
Wounds to admonish, and afflicts to heal.

Look to that world, where every pain shall cease,
Grief turn to joy, and labour end in peace,
Oh ! seek that world, by penitence and prayer,
Sow the seed here, and reap the fruitage there,
Where shadowy joys no longer cheat the soul,
But one unclouded year, in changeless light shall roll.

RETURN OF THE PARENTS.

Long had they sped
O'er distant hill and valley—noting much
God's goodness in the riches of the land,
The summer fruitage, and the harvest hoard,
The reaper wrestling with the bearded wheat,
And the proud torrent's glory, when it shakes
The everlasting rock,—nor yet forgets
To sprinkle greenness on the loneliest flower
That trembles at its base.

Much, too, they spake
Of pleasure, 'neath the hospitable roofs
Of severed kindred—how the loving heart
From such communings learns to wipe away
The dust of household care, which sometimes hangs
In clouds o'er the clear spirit.

But anon,
The eloquent lip grew silent,—for they drew
Near that blest spot, which throws all other lights
Into strong shadow,—*Home*.

At that full thought,
The bosom's pulse beat quicker,—and the wheels
Moved all too slow,—though scarce the eager steeds
Obeyed the rein.

And as the mother spake
Somewhat, in murmurs, of her youngest boy,
There came a flood of beauty o'er her brow ;
For holy love hath beauty, which gray Time
Could never steal.

'Tis there, behind the trees,
That well known roof,—and from the open door
What a glad rush !

The son, who fain would take
His mother in his arms, as if her foot
Was all too good for earth,—and at his side
The beautiful daughter, with her raven hair
So smoothly folded o'er the classic brow,—
The infant crowing in its nurse's arms,—
The bold boy, in his gladness, springing up
Even to his father's shoulder,—lisp'ing tongues,
And little dancing feet, and outstretch'd hands
Grasping the parent's skirts,—it was a group
That artist's pencil never yet hath sketch'd,
In all its plenitude.

And when I saw
The brightness of the tear of joy, I felt
How poor the pomp of princes,—and what dross
Was beaten gold, compared with that dear wealth
Home, and its gratulation,—and the ties
Which Heaven hath twisted round congenial hearts
To draw them to itself.

THE ELM-TREES.

I do remember me,
Of two old elm-trees shade,
With mosses sprinkled at their feet,
Where my young childhood play'd,
While the rocks above their head,
Rose up so stern and gray,
And the little crystal streamlet near,
Went leaping on its way.

There, side by side they flourish'd,
With intertwining crown,
And through their broad embracing arms,
The prying moon look'd down,
And I dream'd as there I linger'd,
A musing child alone,
She scann'd my bosom's inmost thought,
From her far, silver throne.

I do remember me,
Of all their wealth of leaves,
When Summer, in her radiant loom,
The burning solstice weaves,
And how with firm endurance,
They brav'd an adverse sky,
Like Belisarius, doom'd to meet,
His country's wintry eye.

I've roam'd through varied regions,
Where stranger-streamlets run,
And where the proud magnolia flaunts,
Beneath a southern sun,
And where the sparse, and stunted pine,
Puts forth its sombre form,
A vassal to the northern cloud,
And to the tyrant storm,

And where the pure, unruffled lakes,
In placid wavelets roll,
Or where the dread Niagara shakes,
The wonder-stricken soul,
I've sought the temple's sculptur'd pile,
The pencil's glorious art,
Yet still, those old green trees I wear,
Depictur'd on my heart.

Years fled; my native vale I sought,
Where those tall elm-trees wave,
But many a column of its trust,
Lay broken in the grave,
The ancient and the white-hair'd men,
Whose wisdom was its stay,
For them I ask'd, and echo's voice,
Made answer, "*where are they?*"

I sought the thrifty matron,
Whose busy wheel was heard,
When the early beams of morning,
Awoke the chirping bird,

Strange faces from her window look'd,
Strange voices fill'd her cot,
And 'neath the very vine she train'd,
Her memory was forgot.

I left a youthful mother,
Her children round her knee,
Those babes had risen into men,
And coldly look'd on me,
But she, with all her bloom and grace,
Did in the church-yard lie,
While still those changeless elms upbore,
Their kingly canopy.

Though we, who 'neath their lofty screen,
Pursued our childish play,
Now show amid our scatter'd locks,
The sprinkled tints of gray,
And though the village of our love,
Must many a change betide,
Long may those sacred elm-trees stand,
In all their strength and pride.

THE LONGEST DAY.

From us, if every fleeting hour,
Improvement's boon may ask,
The longest day must surely claim,
The most important task.

But since the longest day must end,
The happiest life decay,
Let wisdom's hand, and wisdom's voice,
Direct our youthful way.

And when we rise, let morning's eye
Convey the lesson sweet,
And ere we sleep, an angel's sigh
The sacred rule repeat,

Patient to render good to all,
Within our bounded sphere,
The active deed, the grateful word,
The sympathizing tear.

To raise the heart to Him who gives
Our path with hope to shine,
Meekly receive the cup of joy,
Or tranquilly resign,

To let no fear disturb the breast,
No doubt obscure our sky,
Since Virtue cannot live unblest,
Or unrewarded die.

THE FRIENDS OF MAN.

THE young babe sat on its mother's knee,
Shaking its coral and bells with glee,
When Hope drew near with a seraph smile,
To kiss the lips that had breath'd no guile,

 No words of sin or sorrow :
 Its little sister brought a flower,
And Hope still lingering nigh,
With sunny tress and sparkling eye,
 Whisper'd of buds, in a brighter bower,
 It might pluck for itself to-morrow.

 The boy came in from the wintry snow,
 And mus'd by the parlor-fire,
But ere the evening lamps did glow,
 A stranger came, and bending low,
 Kiss'd his fair and ruddy brow ;
 " What is that in your hand ?" she said :
 " My New-Year's Gift, with its covers red."
 " Bring hither the book, my boy, and see,
 The magic spell of Memory,
Those pages have gold, and a way I'll find,
To lock it safe in your docile mind ;
For books have honey, the sages say,
That is sweet to the soul, when the hair is grey."

The youth at midnight sought his bed,
But e'er he clos'd his eyes,
Two forms drew near with gentle tread,
In meek and saintly guise,
One struck a lyre of wondrous power,
With thrilling music fraught,
That chain'd the flying summer-hour,
And charm'd the listener's thought;
For still would its tender cadence be,
"Follow me ! Follow me !
And every morn a smile shall bring,
As sweet as the merry lay I sing."

She ceas'd, and with a serious air,
The other made reply,
"Shall he not also be my care?
May not I his pleasures share?
Sister ! Sister ! tell me why ?
Need Memory e'er with Hope contend ?
Doth not the virtuous soul, still find in both a friend ?"

The youth beheld the strife,
And eagerly replied,
"Come both, and be my guide,
And gild the path of life ;"
So he gave to each a trusting kiss,
And laid him down, and his dream was bliss.

The man came forth to run his race,
And ever when the morning light,
Rous'd him from the trance of night,
When singing from her nest,
The lark went up with dewy breast,
Hope by his pillow stood with angel grace ;

And as a mother cheers her son,
She girded his daily harness on.

When eve's pale star, from weary care,
Bade him to his home repair,
When by the hearth-stone where his joys were born,
The cricket wound its tiny horn,
Sober memory spread her board,
With knowledge richly stor'd,
And supp'd with him, and like a guardian bless'd,
His nightly rest.

The old man sat in his elbow-chair,
His locks were thin and grey,
Memory, that faithful friend was there,
And he in querulous tone did say,
"Thou hast lost! Thou hast lost! with careless key,
Something that I have entrusted to thee."

Her pausing answer was sad and low,
"It may be so! It may be so!
The lock of my casket is worn and weak,
And time with a plunderer's eye doth seek;
Something I miss, but I cannot say,
What it is, he hath stolen away,
For only tinsel and trifles spread,
Over the alter'd path we tread,
But the gems thou didst give me when life was new,
Diamonds and rubies of changeless hue,
See, here they are, all told and true."

Thus while in grave debate,
Mournful, and ill at ease they sate,

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Finding treasures disarranged,
Blaming the fickle world, because themselves were
 chang'd,
Hope on a buoyant wing did soar,
Which folded underneath her robe she wore,
And spread its rainbow plumes with new delight,
And jeopard'd its strength, in a bold, heavenward
 flight.

The dying lay on his couch of pain,
And his soul went forth to the angel-train,
Yet when Heaven's gate its golden bars undrew,
Memory walked that portal through,
And spread her tablet to the Judge's eye,
Heightening with clear response, the welcome of the
 sky.

But at the threshold high,
Hope falter'd with a drooping eye,
And as the expiring rose,
Doth in its last adieu its sweetest breath disclose,
Lay down to die :
While soft her parting sigh,
Breath'd to a glorious form, that stood serenely by,
" Immortal Joy !—Earth's pilgrim I resign,
No more Hope's feeble ray,
He needs to light his way,
Christ hath redeem'd his soul, I die : his soul is thine."

SONG OF THE ICELANDIC FISHERMEN.

YIELD the bark to the breezes free,
Point her helm to the far, deep sea,
Where Hecla's watch-fire, streaming wild,
Hath never the mariner's eye beguil'd,
Where, in boiling baths, strange monsters play,
Down to the deep sea—launch away!

Gay over coral reefs we steer,
Where moulder the bones of the brave,
Where the beautiful sleep on their humid bier,
And the pale pearl gleams in its quenchless sphere,
The lamp of their ocean-grave ;
Swift o'er the crested surge we row ;
Down to the fathomless sea we go.

King of day ! to thee we turn,
May our course be blest by thee,
Eyes bright as thine in our homes shall burn,
When again our hearths we see ;
When the scaly throng, to our skill a prey,
At the foot of our fur-clad maids we lay.

Thou art mighty in wrath, devouring tide !
The strong ship loves o'er thy foam to ride,

Her banner by bending clouds caress'd,
The waves at her keel, and a world in her breast ;
Thou biddest the blast of thy billows sweep,
Her tall masts bow to the cleaving deep,
And seal'd in thy cells, her proud ones sleep.

Our sails are as chaff, when the tempest raves,
And our boat a speck on the mountain-waves ;
Yet we pour not to thee, the imploring strain,
We sooth not thine anger, relentless main !
Libation we pour not, nor vow, nor prayer,
Our hope is in thee,
God of the sea !
The deep is thy path, and the soul thy care.

THE SEA-BOY.

“ UP the main-top-mast, ho !”

The storm was loud,
And the deep midnight muffled up her head,
Leaving no ray.

By the red binnacle,
I saw the sea-boy. His young cheek was pale,
And his lip trembled. But he dar'd not hear
That hoarse command repeated. So he sprang,
With slender foot amid the slippery shrouds.

He, oft by moonlight watch had lur'd my ear,
With everlasting stories of his home,
And of his mother. His fair brow told tales
Of household kisses, and of gentle hands
That bound it when it ached, and laid it down
On the soft pillow, with a curtaining care.

And he had sometimes spoken of the cheer
That waited him, when wearied from his school,
At winter's eve, he came. Then, he would pause,
For his high-beating bosom threw a chain
O'er his proud lip, or else it would have sigh'd,
In deep remorse, for leaving such a home.

And he would haste away, and pace the deck,
More rapidly, as if to hide from me,

The gushing tear. I mark'd the inward strife
Unquestioning, save by a silent prayer
That the tear wrung so bitterly, might work
The sea-boy's good, and wash away all trace
Of disobedience. Now, the same big tear
Hung like a pearl upon him, as he climb'd,
And grappled to the mast.

I watch'd his toil,
With strange foreboding, till he seem'd a speck
Upon the ebon bosom of the cloud.
And I remember'd that he once had said,
"I fear I shall not see my home again."
And sad the memory of those mournful words,
Dwelt with me, as he pass'd above my sight,
Into thick darkness.

The wild blast swept on.

The strong ship toss'd.

Shuddering, I heard a plunge,
A heavy plunge,—a gurgling 'mid the wave.
I shouted to the crew. *In vain! In vain!*

The ship held on her way. And never more
Shall that poor, delicate sea-boy raise his head,
To do the bidding of those roughen'd men,
Whose home is on the sea.

And never more
May his fond mother strain him to her breast,
Weeping that hardship thus should bronze the brow,
To her so beautiful, nor the kind sire
Make glad by his forgiveness, the rash youth
Who wander'd from his home, to throw the wealth
Of his warm feelings on the faithless sea.

FIRST WINTER MORNING.

AWAKE, and let the tuneful lay,
With joy to Heaven's high palace rise,
Ere the rejoicing King of Day,
Returns to light the glowing skies.

While o'er the hillock's ice-wrapt heads,
Refulgent steals his golden hue,
And wreathing smoke, aspiring spreads,
In curling volumes, light and blue.

Great Giver of our fleeting days,
The changeful year is full of Thee,
Each opening season speaks thy praise,
And so, with grateful heart, would we.

Deep lies the snow, o'er dale and brake,
Our bright fire sparkles on the hearth,
And laughter from the neighbouring lake,
Proclaim's the graceful skater's mirth.

Yet think of those in lowly shed,
By pining penury darkly prest,
For whom no blazing fire is fed,
No cheering board with plenty drest.

Oh, haste to seek and save the lost,
Raise the warm prayer to Him above,
So Winter with its links of frost,
Shall bind thee to a God of love.

Fallen are the flowers that deck'd our path,
The birds of summer-song are fled,
And 'neath the bitter tempest's wrath,
The groves lie desolate and dead.

From my lov'd plants, now icy cold,
I hear a voice of warning gloom,
"In us the mournful fate behold,
That darkly waits on youthful bloom."

But when those charms so bright and frail,
Must shrink and wither and decay,
Say, is there nought to countervail,
The good that time shall take away?

Is there no joy to light the eye,
When beauty, youth and health are past?
When all our earthly pleasures fly,
Like leaves before the wintry blast?

There is a joy that checks the throng,
Of chilling care, and sorrow's shock,
That strikes an anchor deep and strong,
In Heaven's imperishable rock.

Grant me this joy, and when my soul,
Her farewell to the world shall sigh,
When unknown seas around me roll,
And toss their deathful billows high,

When to yon wintry hills afar,
To all of earth, these eyes are dim,
The lustre of my Saviour's star,
Shall clearly mark my way to Him.

THE CONTRAST.

THE mother sat beside her fire,
Well trimm'd it was, and bright,
While loudly moan'd the forest-pines,
Amid that wintry night.

She heard them not, those wind-swept pines,
For o'er a scroll she hung,
That bore her husband's voice of love,
As when that love was young.

And thrice her son, beside her knee,
Besought her favouring eye,
And thrice her lisping daughter spoke,
Before she made reply.

"O, little daughter, many a kiss,
Lies in this treasur'd line,
And boy, a father's counsels fond,
And blessed prayers are thine,

Thou hast his high and arching brow,
Thou hast his eye of flame,
And be the purpose of thy soul,
Thy sun-bright course the same."

Then as she drew them to her arms,
Down her fair cheek would glide,
A tear, that shone like diamond spark,
A tear of love and pride.

She took the baby from its rest,
And laid it on her knee,
"Thou ne'er hast seen thy sire, she said,
But he'll be proud of thee,

Yes, he'll be proud of thee, my dove,
The lily of our line,
I know what eye of blue he loves
And such an eye is thine."

"Where is my father gone, mama?
Why does he stay so long?"
"He's far away in Congress-hall,
Amid the noble throng,

"He's in the lofty Congress-hall,
To swell the high debate,
And help to frame those righteous laws,
That make our land so great.

But ere the earliest violets bloom,
You in his arms shall be,
So, go to rest, my children dear,
And pray for him and me."

The snow-flakes rear'd their drifted mound,
To bury Nature deep,
But nought, amid that peaceful home,
Disturb'd the dews of sleep:

For lightly, as an angel's dream,
The trance of slumber fell,
Where innocence, and holy love,
Maintain'd their guardian spell.

Another eve,—another scroll!
Wist ye, what words it said?
Two words,—two awful words it bore,
The duel! and the dead!

The duel? and the dead? How dark
Was that young mother's eye,
How fearful was her lengthen'd swoon,
How wild her frantic cry.

There's many a wife, whose bosom's lord,
Is in his prime laid low,
Engulph'd beneath the watery main,
Where bitter tempests blow,

Or crush'd amid the battle-field,
Where crimson rivers flow,
Yet knew they not that deadly pang,
Which dregg'd her cup of woe.

Who lies so powerless on her couch,
Transfix'd by sorrow's sting?
Her infant in its nurse's arms,
Like a forgotten thing?

A dark-hair'd boy is at her side,
He lifts his eagle-eye,
"Mother! they say my father's dead,
How did my father die?"

Again, the spear-point in her breast !

Again, that shriek of pain !

“ Boy, thou hast riven thy mother's heart,

Speak not those words again ;

Speak not those words again, my son !”

What boots that fruitless care ?

They're written wheresoe'er she turns,

On ocean, earth and air.

They're sear'd upon her shrinking heart,

That bursts beneath its doom,

“ *The duel! and the dead!*” they mark,

The threshold of her tomb.

Through all her weary, widow'd years,

That broken heart she bore,

And on her pale and drooping brow,

The smile sat never more.

ON THE ADMISSION OF MICHIGAN
INTO THE UNION.

Come in, little sister, so healthful and fair,
Come take in our father's best parlour a share,
You've been long enough at the nurse's, I trow,
Where the angry lakes roar, and the northern winds
blow;

Come in, we've a pretty large household, tis true,
But the twenty-five children can make room for you.

A present, I see, for our sire you have brought,
His dessert to embellish, how kind was the thought;
A treat of ripe berries, both crimson and blue,
And wild flowers to stick in his button-hole too,
The rose from your prairie, the nuts from your tree,
What a good little sister, come hither to me.

You've a dowry besides, very cunningly stor'd,
To fill a nice cupboard, or spread a broad board,
Detroit, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbour and more,
For the youngest, methinks, quite a plentiful store,
You're a prog, I perceive, it is true to the letter,
And your sharp Yankee sisters will like you the better.

But where are your Indians, so feeble and few?
So fall'n from the heights where their forefathers grew?

From the forests they fade, o'er the waters that bore,
The names of their baptism, they venture no more,
O soothe their sad hearts, ere they vanish afar,
Nor quench the faint beam of their westering star.

Those ladies who sit on the sofa so high,
Are the stateliest dames of our family,
Your thirteen old sisters, don't treat them with scorn,
They were notable spinsters before you was born,
Many stories they know, most instructive to hear,
Go, make them a curtsy, 'twill please them, my dear.

They can teach you the names of those great ones to
spell,
Who stood at the helm, when the war-tempest fell,
They will show you the writing that gleam'd to the sky,
In the year seventy-six, on the fourth of July ;
When the flash of the Bunker-Hill flame was red,
And the blood gush'd forth from the breast of the dead

There are some who may call them both proud and old,
And say they usurp what they cannot hold ;
Perhaps, their bright locks have a sprinkle of gray,
But then, little Michy, don't hint it, I pray ;
For they'll give you a frown, or a box on the ear,
Or send you to stand in the corner, I fear.

They, indeed, bore the burden and heat of the day,
But you've as good right to your penny as they ;
Though the price of our freedom, they better have
known,

Since they paid for it, out of their purses alone,
Yet a portion belongs to the youngest, I ween,
So, hold up your head with the "Old Thirteen."

INTemperance.

'Mid bowering shades, I mark'd a cottage-home,
Where elegance and sweet simplicity,
Mingled their charms. Around its simple porch
Twin'd the gay woodbine, and its snowy walls,
Seem'd through their leafy canopy to smile
A welcome on the guest.

My heart was glad,
As toward this rural spot I drew, to greet
A friend, long parted, who in early years
The school-day lesson, and the joyous sport
With neighbouring children, 'neath the spreading elm,
Had oft-times shar'd.

Beside his open door,
Two cherub creatures gambol'd. One display'd
In striking miniature, the father's face,
Such as my childhood's memory pictur'd it,
The high bold forehead, and full hazle eye,
Gentle, yet ardent.

On, with winning smile,
He led his fairy sister, murmuring low,
In varied tones of playful tenderness,
Or sometimes bending o'er her lilly form,
In infantine protection, with such grace,
That to my heart I press'd him, as I said,
"Show me thy father."

On a couch he lay.

Who lay? I could not call him *friend*. That wreck
Of nature's nobleness. Had dire disease
Thus chang'd the expression of that manly brow,
Where beam'd bright fancy,—intellectual light,
And soaring dignity of soul?

Ah no!

For then I might have pour'd the soothing balm
Of sympathy, and rais'd the sufferer's heart
To God, the healer. But I knew the seal
Upon his features, that the hand of vice
So hideously doth set.

And she was there,

Who at the altar gave her trusting vow,
In all the fearless confidence of love,
To this, her chosen one. On her young cheek,
There was a cankering grief, and the pale trace
Of beauty's rose-bud blighted.

Then I spoke

In mournful cadence of the former days,
When in the paths of science and of peace,
We walk'd, twin-hearted. But his bloated lips
Swell'd out with vacant laughter, and such words
As show'd his reeling senses.

At the voice

Of his young children, playing near his bed,
His fiery eye-balls flash'd, and brutal threats
Appall'd those innocent ones, while that fair girl,
From whom intemperance thus had reft the guide
Which Nature gave, in terror hid her face
Deep in her mother's robe.

I would have spoke
In bitter blame, of that most poisonous bowl,
That drown'd my friend, but in the tearful eye
Of her who lov'd him, stood the pleading tear
Of silent, fond endurance. So all thought
Of sternness, breath'd itself away in sighs.

I went my way, and mourn'd the hapless lot
Of that strange widowhood and orphanage,
Which hath no hope, nor pity. Sad I roam'd
Down the lone, grassy vale, and when no eye
Beheld me, on the young turf bow'd my knee,
And pray'd the prayer of anguish.

Oh my God!
What are the beauty and the strength of man,
His fairest promise, and his proudest powers,
Without thine aid.

So guard us from the snares
Which round us lurk, that we at last may rise
Where is no poison-cup, no secret sin,
No dark temptation, waking baleful deeds,
For penitence to purge, but Virtue dwells
Pure-rob'd, beside her Sire, in deathless joy.

THE OLD MAN.

Why gaze ye on my hoary hair,
Ye children, young and gay ?
Your locks, beneath the blast of care,
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kiss'd from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee,
And lay her soft hand on my head,
And bending, pray for me.

But then, there came a fearful day,
I sought my mother's bed ;
Harsh voices warn'd me thence away,
And told me she was dead.

I pluck'd a fair white rose, and stole
To lay it by her side ;
Yet, ah, strange sleep enchain'd her soul
For no fond voice replied.

THE SOUTH-AMERICAN STATUES.

There are still found among the snow-covered cliffs of the Andes, the bodies of some of those Spaniards, who soon after the discovery of America, in searching for the rich mines that had been described to them in Peru, took a circuitous route among the mountains, and perished by the cold, which petrified them into statues.

WHY seek ye out such dizzy height,
Amid yon drear domain ?
Why choose ye cells with frost-work white,
Ye haughty men of Spain ?

The condor, on his mighty wing,
Essays your cloud-wreath'd walls,
But to his scream the caverns ring,
As from the cliff he falls.

The poor Peruvian scans with dread,
Your fix'd and stony eye,
The timid child averts his head,
And shuddering hurries by.

They, from the fathers' of their land,
Have heard your withering tale,
Nor spare to mock the tyrant band,
Transform'd to statues pale.

Ye came to grasp the Indian's gold,
Ye scorn'd his feathery dart ;
But Andes rose, that monarch old,
And took his children's part :

And with that strange, embalming art,
Which ancient Egypt knew,
He threw his frost-chain o'er your heart,
As to his breast ye grew.

He chain'd you while strong manhood's tide,
Did through your bosom roll ;
Upon your lip the curl of pride,
And avarice in your soul.

He chain'd you with a mortal pang,
Amid the snow-clad plain,
While thunder-blasts your sentence rang—
“ *Sleep—and ne'er wake again.*”

Up rose the morn ; the queen of night,
Danc'd with the changeful tide,
And years fulfill'd their measur'd flight,
And ripening ages died ;

Slow centuries 'neath oblivion's flood,
Sank like the tossing wave,
But frozen and transfix'd ye stood—
The dead without a grave.

The infant measur'd out its span,
On Love's maternal breast,
And whiten'd to a hoary man,
And laid him down to rest ;

Race after race, with weary moan,
Went to their dreamless sleep,
While ye, upon your feet of stone,
Perpetual penance keep.

How little dream'd ye, when ye hurl'd,
Your challenge o'er the main,
And vow'd to teach a new-born world,
The vassalage of Spain,

Thus till the doomsday cry of pain,
Shall rive your prison-rock,
To bear upon your brow, like Cain,
A mark that all might mock.

Long, long, from high Castilian bowers,
Look'd forth their inmates fair,
And gave the tardy midnight hours,
To watching and despair,

Oft starting as some light guitar,
Its breath of sweetness shed,
Yet lord and lover linger'd far,
Till life's brief vision fled.

Your vaunted tournament is o'er,
Your knightly lance in rest,
Ambition's fever burns no more,
Within the ice-bound breast ;

For high between the earth and skies,
Check'd in your venturous path,
A fearful monument you rise,
Of Andes' stormy wrath.

THE CHAIR OF UNCAS.

In the neighbourhood of Mohegan, Connecticut, is a rude recess, and a rocky seat, still bearing the name of the *Chair of Uncas*, where that king sat, when his fort was besieged by the Narragansetts, anxiously watching the river, for the supplies of food, which the whites had promised to send to his famishing people. They at length arrived, in a large canoe, under the covert of midnight, and saved his tribe from starvation.

The monarch sat on his rocky throne,
Beneath him the waters lay,
His guards were the shapeless columns of stone,
Their lofty helmets with moss o'ergrown,
And their spears of the bracken gray.

His lamps were the fickle stars that beam'd,
Through the veil of their midnight shroud,
And the redd'ning flashes that fitfully gleam'd,
When the distant fires of the war-dance stream'd,
Where his foes in frantic revel scream'd,
'Neath their canopy of cloud.

Say! why was his glance so restless and keen,
As it fell on the waveless tide?
And why, mid the gloom of that silent scene,
Did the sigh heave his warlike bosom's screen,
And bow that front of pride?

THE LITTLE LEAVING-DOE.

I am a little leaving-doe,
A little leaving-doe,
A little leaving-doe,
A little leaving-doe.

I am a little leaving-doe,
A little leaving-doe,
A little leaving-doe,
A little leaving-doe.

I am a little leaving-doe,
A little leaving-doe,
A little leaving-doe,
A little leaving-doe.

I am a little leaving-doe,
A little leaving-doe,
A little leaving-doe,
A little leaving-doe.

I am a little leaving-doe,
A little leaving-doe,
A little leaving-doe,
A little leaving-doe.

Your want ornament is o'er.

Your dance in rest,
Your turns no more,
Your boundless

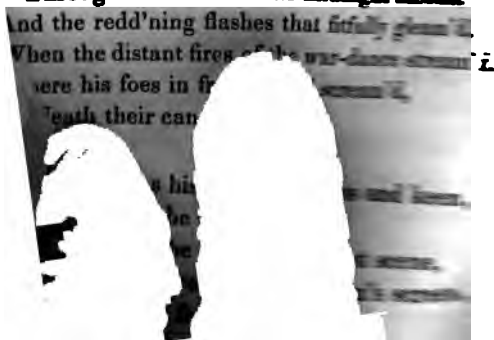


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Behind him his leaguer'd forces lay,
 Withering in famine's blight,
And he knew with the blush of the morning ray,
That Philip would summon his fierce array,
On the core of the warrior's heart to prey,
 And quench a nation's light.

It comes ! It comes ! that misty speck,
 Which over the waters moves !
It boasts nor sail, nor mast, nor deck,
Yet dearer to him was that noteless wreck,
 Than the maid to him who loves.

It bears to the warrior's nerveless arm,
 The might of a victor's aim,
Its freight is a spell whose mystic charm,
Shall protect the tottering sire from harm,
And the ire-doom'd babe, whose life-blood warm,
 Was to hiss in the wigwam's flame.

The eye of the king with that lightning blaz'd,
 Which the soul in its rapture sends ;
His prayer to the Spirit of Good he rais'd,
And the shades of his buried fathers prais'd,
 As toward his fort he wends.

That king hath gone to his lowly grave !
 He slumbers in dark decay ;
And like the crest of the tossing wave,
Like the rush of the blast from the mountain cave,
Like the groan of the murder'd, with none to save,
 His people have pass'd away.

The king is gone ! but his chair of stone,
Still rests on its rugged base,
Around it the thorn-tree, and thicket have grown,
And none save the blasts thro' their branches that moan,
Sigh over his fallen race.

THE DOVES.

A SEA-KING on the Danish shore,
When the old time went by,
Launch'd his rude ship for reckless deeds,
Beneath a foreign sky.

And oft on Albion's richer coast,
Where Saxon Harold reign'd,
With a fierce foe's marauding hate,
Wild warfare he maintain'd.

From hamlet-nook, and humble vale,
Their wealth he reft away,
And shamed not with his blood-red steel,
To wake the deadly fray.

But once, within an islet's bay,
While summer-twilight spread,
A curtain o'er the glorious sun,
Who sank to ocean's bed,

He paused amid his savage trade,
And gaz'd on earth and sea,
While o'er his head, a nest of doves,
Hung, in a linden tree.

They coo'd and murmur'd o'er their young,
A loving, mournful strain,
And still the chirping brood essay'd,
The same soft tones again.

The sea-king on the rocky beach,
Bow'd down his head to hear,
Yet started, on his iron brow,
To feel a trickling tear.

He mus'd upon his lonely home,
Beyond the foaming main,
For nature kindled in his breast,
At that fond dovelet's strain.

He listen'd till the lay declin'd,
As slumber o'er them stole,
“*Home, home, sweet home!*” methought they sang:
It enter'd to his soul.

He linger'd till the moon came forth,
With radiance pure and pale,
And then his hardy crew he rous'd,
“Up! up! and spread the sail.”

“Now, whither goest thou, master bold?”
No word the sea-king spake,
But at the helm all night he stood,
Till ruddy morn did break.

“See, captain, yon unguarded isle!
Those cattle are our prey;”
Dark grew their brows, and fierce their speech:
No word he deign'd to say.

Right onward, o'er the swelling wave,
With steady prow he bore,
Nor stay'd until he anchor'd fast,
By Denmark's wave-wash'd shore :

“ Farewell, farewell, brave men, and true,
Well have you serv'd my need ;
Divide the spoils as best ye may,
Rich boon for daring deed.”

He shook them by the harden'd hand,
And on his journey sped,
Nor linger'd till through shades he saw,
His long-forsaken shed.

Forth came the babe, that when he left,
Lay on her mother's knee ;
She rais'd a stranger's wondering cry—
A fair-hair'd girl was she.

His far-off voice that mother knew,
And shriek'd in speechless joy,
While, proudly, toward his arms she drew,
His bashful, stripling boy.

They bade the fire of pine burn bright,
The simple board they spread ;
And bless'd and welcom'd him as one,
Returning from the dead.

He cleans'd him of the pirate's sin,
He donn'd the peasant's stole,
And nightly from his labors came,
With music in his soul.

" Father! what mean those words you speak,
Oft in your broken sleep?
The doves! the doves! you murmuring cry,
And then in dreams you weep:

" Father, you've told us many a tale,
Of storm, and battle wild—
Tell us the story of the doves,"
The peasant-father smiled:

" Go, daughter, lure a dove to build
Her nest in yonder tree,
And thou shalt hear the tender tone,
That lur'd me back to thee."

THE SOUTH-AMERICAN STATUES.

There are still found among the snow-covered cliffs of the Andes, the bodies of some of those Spaniards, who soon after the discovery of America, in searching for the rich mines that had been described to them in Peru, took a circuitous route among the mountains, and perished by the cold, which petrified them into statues.

WHY seek ye out such dizzy height,
Amid yon drear domain?
Why choose ye cells with frost-work white,
Ye haughty men of Spain?

The condor, on his mighty wing,
Essays your cloud-wreath'd walls,
But to his scream the caverns ring,
As from the cliff he falls.

The poor Peruvian scans with dread,
Your fix'd and stony eye,
The timid child averts his head,
And shuddering hurries by.

They, from the fathers' of their land,
Have heard your withering tale,
Nor spare to mock the tyrant band,
Transform'd to statues pale.

Ye came to grasp the Indian's gold,
Ye scorn'd his feathery dart ;
But Andes rose, that monarch old,
And took his children's part :

And with that strange, embalming art,
Which ancient Egypt knew,
He threw his frost-chain o'er your heart,
As to his breast ye grew.

He chain'd you while strong manhood's tide,
Did through your bosom roll ;
Upon your lip the curl of pride,
And avarice in your soul.

He chain'd you with a mortal pang,
Amid the snow-clad plain,
While thunder-blasts your sentence rang—
“ *Sleep—and ne'er wake again.*”

Up rose the morn ; the queen of night,
Danc'd with the changeful tide,
And years fulfill'd their measur'd flight,
And ripening ages died ;

Slow centuries 'neath oblivion's flood,
Sank like the tossing wave,
But frozen and transfix'd ye stood—
The dead without a grave.

The infant measur'd out its span,
On Love's maternal breast,
And whiten'd to a hoary man,
And laid him down to rest ;

Race after race, with weary moan,
Went to their dreamless sleep,
While ye, upon your feet of stone,
Perpetual penance keep.

How little dream'd ye, when ye hurl'd,
Your challenge o'er the main,
And vow'd to teach a new-born world,
The vassalage of Spain,

Thus till the doomsday cry of pain,
Shall rive your prison-rock,
To bear upon your brow, like Cain,
A mark that all might mock.

Long, long, from high Castilian bowers,
Look'd forth their inmates fair,
And gave the tardy midnight hours,
To watching and despair,

Oft starting as some light guitar,
Its breath of sweetness shed,
Yet lord and lover linger'd far,
Till life's brief vision fled.

Your vaunted tournament is o'er,
Your knightly lance in rest,
Ambition's fever burns no more,
Within the ice-bound breast ;

For high between the earth and skies,
Check'd in your venturous path,
A fearful monument you rise,
Of Andes' stormy wrath.

THE CHAIR OF UNCAS.

In the neighbourhood of Mohegan, Connecticut, is a rude recess, and a rocky seat, still bearing the name of the *Chair of Uncas*, where that king sat, when his fort was besieged by the Narragansetts, anxiously watching the river, for the supplies of food, which the whites had promised to send to his famishing people. They at length arrived, in a large canoe, under the covert of midnight, and saved his tribe from starvation.

THE monarch sat on his rocky throne,
Beneath him the waters lay,
His guards were the shapeless columns of stone,
Their lofty helmets with moss o'ergrown,
And their spears of the bracken gray.

His lamps were the fickle stars that beam'd,
Through the veil of their midnight shroud,
And the redd'ning flashes that fitfully gleam'd,
When the distant fires of the war-dance stream'd,
Where his foes in frantic revel scream'd,
'Neath their canopy of cloud.

Say! why was his glance so restless and keen,
As it fell on the waveless tide?
And why, mid the gloom of that silent scene,
Did the sigh heave his warlike bosom's screen,
And bow that front of pride?

Behind him his leaguer'd forces lay,
 Withering in famine's blight,
And he knew with the blush of the morning ray,
That Philip would summon his fierce array,
On the core of the warrior's heart to prey,
 And quench a nation's light.

It comes ! It comes ! that misty speck,
 Which over the waters moves !
It boasts nor sail, nor mast, nor deck,
Yet dearer to him was that noteless wreck,
 Than the maid to him who loves.

It bears to the warrior's nerveless arm,
 The might of a victor's aim,
Its freight is a spell whose mystic charm,
Shall protect the tottering sire from harm,
And the ire-doom'd babe, whose life-blood warm,
 Was to hiss in the wigwam's flame.

The eye of the king with that lightning blaz'd,
 Which the soul in its rapture sends ;
His prayer to the Spirit of Good he rais'd,
And the shades of his buried fathers prais'd,
 As toward his fort he wends.

That king hath gone to his lowly grave !
 He slumbers in dark decay ;
And like the crest of the tossing wave,
Like the rush of the blast from the mountain cave,
Like the groan of the murder'd, with none to save,
 His people have pass'd away.

The king is gone ! but his chair of stone,
Still rests on its rugged base,
Around it the thorn-tree, and thicket have grown,
And none save the blasts thro' their branches that moan,
Sigh over his fallen race.

DEATH OF AN AGED MAN.

Who knows what treasures fill a powerful mind,
That more than fourscore years hath held its course,
Among the living? We, of yesterday,
Scan not its halls, with ancient pictures bright,
Nor tread its secret cabinets of thought,
Where the dim actors of a distant age,
Recede and vanish.

He, who died to-day,
Was rich in imagery of other times.
Ye might have ask'd him, and he would have told,
How, step by step, his native place threw off
Its rude, colonial features, for the garb
That cities wear; and how the cow-path chang'd,
To a thick-peopled street, and the cold marsh,
To garden beauty.

Yes, he could have told,
Had ye but ask'd him, how the dark, gaunt forms,
Of the poor Indians, glided here and there,
Neglected strangers in their fathers' land:
For many a story knew he of that race,
Now rooted up and perish'd.

Had ye sat
Down at his feet, on some long summer's day,
He might have told you, how yon stately roofs,
And fair designs of blessed charity,

Sprang from a germ, which he had help'd to nurse,
With prayer and bounteous alms.

Ah, many a date,
And legend, slumber in that marble breast,
Which History coveted. For Memory sat
With diamond pen, still clearly noting down
On her broad tablet, till the step of Death,
Stole suddenly upon her.

Then his voice
Bore glorious witness to the faith that lives
When Nature dies, and told the weeping friend,
How underneath the Everlasting Arms,
Broke the rude shock of pain.

And so, his breath
In one unstruggling, quiet sigh went forth,
For leaning on the Saviour, he had lov'd,
From early years, he found that Heavenly Friend,
In the last hour of dread, remember'd him.

Here rock'd his cradle, and *there* yawns his grave.
Both ye may scan at once. And yet between
Those neighbour-spots, how many a thorny vale,
And mountain-tract of flinty memories,
His pilgrim-feet have travers'd.

Still he said,
That all his long-drawn, chequer'd path below,
Seem'd as a bow-shot,—with so swift a flight
The play of boyhood, and the flush of youth,
And manhood's ripeness, met the silver hairs,
That gave his brow, a crown of righteousness.

No more you'll see him, leaning on his staff,
Beside his pleasant door, or measuring still,

With slow, yet vigorous step, his wonted way,
Along the river's brink, or to his board,
Guiding the stranger, or the cherish'd guest,
With the old warmth of hospitality.

No more he cheers his household with the smile
Of tender love, which the cold frosts of age,
Impair'd not, or in sweet example shows
Those fruits, which mid the tears and clouds of time,
Mellow'd to heaven's own hue.

'Tis sad to see

The fathers of our city, one by one,
Thus take their dwelling with the silent worm.
We shrink to fill their places.

Reverend men,
Of such well-balanced and rare energies,
Courteous, and dignified, and true of heart,
We dread to find their high example gone.
We grieve that the insatiate grave must lock
The gold of their experience.

O'er life's tide

We steer without them, by a varying chart,
Too late lamenting, that we lightly priz'd
The pilotage of wisdom, while it dwelt
With hoary head among us.

Grant us grace,

Father of all, so to revere the words
Of saintly age, and so to keep the path
Of those who go before us to the skies,
That shunning snares and pitfalls, we may come
To the sure mansions of eternal life.

THE DOOM OF UZZIAH.

2d Chron. chap. xxvi.

UZZIAH rul'd God's chosen race,
In plenitude of power,
And lauded was his sceptre's sway,
In palace and in bower.

Fresh fountains in the desert waste,
Up at his bidding sprung,
And clustering vines o'er Carmel's breast,
A broider'd mantle flung.

He hasted to the battle field,
In all his young renown,
And wild Arabia's swarthy host,
Like blighted grass fell down.

Yet, ah ! within his reckless heart,
The seeds of pride grew strong,
And unacknowledg'd blessings led,
To arrogance and wrong,

So to the temple's holy place,
With impious step he hied,
And with a kindling censer stood,
Fast by the altar's side.

But he whose high and priestly brow,
The anointing oil had blest,
Stood forth majestic to rebuke,
The sacrilegious guest.

"'Tis not for thee," he sternly said,
"To tread this hallow'd nave,
And take that honor to thyself,
Which God to Aaron gave ;

"'Tis not for thee, thou mighty king,
O'er Judah's realm ordain'd,
To trample on Jehovah's law,
By whom thy fathers reign'd ;

"Go hence!" and from his awful eye,
There seem'd such ire to flame,
As mingled with the thunder-blast,
When God to Sinai came.

Then loud the reckless monarch storm'd,
And with a daring hand,
He swung the sacred censer high,
Above the trembling band ;

When lo ! a burning sign of wrath,
Did in his forehead flame,
Behold ! the avenging doom of heaven,
The livid plague-spot came,

And low declin'd his princely head,
In bitterness of woe,
As from the temple-gate he sped,
A leper white as snow.

MORNING AND EVENING.

"Thou makest the out-goings of the morning, and of the evening to rejoice."—*Psalms*.

The out-goings of sweet morn! See the light mist
That spreads its white wing to the heavens away,
See the fresh blossoms, by the blithe bee kiss'd,
The hill-top kindling 'neath the King of Day,
Spire after spire that drinks the genial ray,
The rocks that in their rifted holds abide,
And darkly frown, with heads forever grey,
While the clear stream gleams out in trembling pride,
Through its transparent veil, like a fair, timid bride.

Morn to the Earth! the cup of light she quaffs,
And countless voices hail the sparkling draught,
Methinks, the lamb beside its mother laughs,
Up soars the lark, with song his Maker taught,
Sweet, lisping murmurs wrap the infant's thought,
As gladly from the cottage door it creeps,
The wild rill echoes through the lonely grot,
While the hoarse sea, whose anthem never sleeps,
Reverberates God's praise, thro' all its sounding deeps.

Morn to the watcher, by the sick man's bed!
The slow, slow clock, tells out the welcome hour,

And to the air he springs, with buoyant tread ;
The poor, cag'd bird sings in its lady's bower ;
The farmer watchful lest the skies may lower,
Thrusts his sharp sickle 'mid the bearded grain,
While sportive voices, strong in childhood's power,
With merry music wake the village plain,
And toil comes forth refresh'd, and age is young again.

The out-goings of mild eve ! the folded rose ;
Soft slumber settling on the lily's bell ;
The solemn forest lull'd to deep repose,
While restless winds no more its murmurs swell ;
The stars emerging from their secret cell,
A silent night-watch o'er the world to keep ;
And then the queenly moon, attended well,
Who o'er the mighty arch of Heaven doth sweep,
Speaking of Nature's King, in language still and deep.

The charms of eve how sweet, he best can say,
Who sickening at the city's dust and noise,
And selfish arts that Mammon's votaries sway,
Turns to his home, to taste its simple joys ;
There, climbing to his knee, his ruddy boys,
Wake that warm thrill, which every care repays,
And fondly hasting from her baby-toys,
His prattling daughter seeks a father's gaze,
And gives that tender smile, which o'er his slumber
plays.

She too, who wins her bread by toil severe,
And from her home at early morn must go,
To earn the bread that dries her children's tear,
How hails her heart, the sun declining low !

Love nerves the feet, that else were sad and slow,
And when afar, her lowly roof she spies,
Forgot is all her lot of scorn and woe,
A mother's rapture kindles in her eyes,
As to her wearied arms, the eager nursling flies.

And see, from labour loos'd, the drooping team,
Unharness'd, hasting to their fragrant food,
While fearful of the hawk's marauding scream,
The broad-wing'd mother folds her helpless brood;
In the cool chambers of the teeming flood,
The scaly monsters check their boisterous play,
And closely curtain'd mid the quiet wood,
The slumbering songsters hush their warbled lay,
While man's sweet hymn of praise, doth close the
summer day.

A HEBREW TALE.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away."—*Job*.

TWILIGHT was deepening with a tinge of eve,
As toward his home, in ancient Israel's vales,
A stately Rabbi drew. His camels spied
Afar, the palm-trees' lofty heads, that deck'd
The dear, domestic fountain, and in speed,
Press'd with broad foot, the smooth and dewy glade.

The holy man his peaceful threshold pass'd,
With hasting step. The evening meal was spread,
And she, who from life's morn his heart had shar'd,
Breathed her fond welcome.

Bowing o'er the board,
The blessing of his father's God he sought,
Ruler of earth and sea. Then with a glance
Of hallow'd pleasure, "call my sons," he said,
"And let me bless them, ere their hour of rest."

The observant mother spake with gentle voice,
Somewhat of soft excuse, that they were wont
To linger long amid the Prophet's school,
Studying that holy law their father loved.

The sweet repast with sweet discourse was blent,
Of journeying and return.

“ Would thou hadst seen
With me, how the young morning wrapp'd in light,
Yon mountain summits, whose blue, waving line,
Scarce meets thine eye, where chirp of joyous birds,
And breath of fragrant shrubs, and spicy gales,
And sigh of waving boughs, stirr'd in the soul,
Warm orisons.

“ Yet most I wish'd thee near,
Amid the temple's pomp, when the high priest,
Clad in his robe pontifical, invok'd
The God of Abraham, while from lute and harp,
Cymbal and trump and psaltery, and the shout
Of all our people, like the swelling sea,
Loud hallelujahs burst.

“ When next I seek
Blest Zion's glorious hill, our beauteous boys
Must bear me company. Their early prayers
Will rise as incense. Thy too tender love,
No longer must detain them. The new toil
Will give them sweeter sleep, and touch their cheek
With brighter crimson.

“ Mid their raven curls
My hand I'll lay, and dedicate them there,
In those most holy courts to Israel's God,
Two spotless lambs, well-pleasing in his sight.
But yet, methinks, thou'rt paler grown, my love !
And the pure sapphire of thine eye looks dim,
As though 'twere wash'd with tears.”

Faintly she smiled,—
“ One doubt, my lord, I fain would have thee solve.
Gems of rich lustre, and of countless price

Were to my keeping trusted. Now, alas!
They are demanded. Must they be restor'd?
Or may I not a little longer gaze,
Upon their dazzling hues?"

His eye grew stern,
And on his lip there lurk'd a sudden curl
Like indignation. "Doth *my wife* propose
Such doubt? as if the owner might not claim
His own again!" "Nay Rabbi, come behold
Those precious jewels ere I yield them back."

So to their curtain'd chamber with slow step,
Her lord she led. There on a snow-white couch,
Lay his two sons, *pale, pale and motionless*;
Like fair twin-lillies, which some grazing kid,
In wantonness had cropp'd.

"My sons! my sons!
Light of my eyes!" the smitten father cried,
"My teachers in the law! whose guileless hearts,
And prompt obedience, warn'd me oft to be,
More perfect with my God!"

To earth he fell,
Like Lebanon's rent cedar; while his breast
Heav'd with such groans, as when the labouring soul
Breaks from its clay companions' strong embrace.

The mourning mother turn'd away and wept,
Till his first storm of passionate grief was still.
Then pressing to his ear her faded lip,
She sigh'd in tone of tremulous tenderness,
"Thou didst instruct me, Rabbi, how to yield
The summon'd jewels. See! the Lord did give,
The Lord hath taken away."

“Yea!” said the sire,
“And blessed be his name. Even for thy sake,
Thrice blessed be Jehovah.” Long he press’d
On those cold, marble brows, his quivering lip,
Then kneeling low, those chasten’d spirits pour’d
Their nightly homage.

DEATH.

CHILL'D by the piercing blast,
Or faint with vertic heat,
The wearied labourer hails the night,
And finds its slumber sweet :

While they whom idle years,
Of luxury impair,
Toss on the restless couch, or meet
The dream of terror there.

The rich man moves in pomp,
To him the world is dear,
And every treasure twists a tie,
To bind him stronger here :

But he whose purest gold,
Is in the conscience stor'd,
Is richer at the hour of death,
Than with the miser's hoard.

When this short day of life,
With all its work is done,
The faithful servant of his God,
Doth hail the setting sun :

But they who waste their breath,
Dread the accusing tomb,
And the time-killer flies from death,
As from a murderer's doom.

So give us, Lord, to find,
When earth shall pass away,
That Sabbath-evening of the mind,
Which crowns a well-spent day,

That entering to thy rest,
Where toils and cares are o'er,
We, with the myriads of the bless'd,
May praise Thee, evermore.



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